

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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THERE IS ONE DEBT THAT
YOU CAN NEVER PAY IN
FULL—YOUR DEBT TO
YOUR MOTHER..SHE DOES
NOT ASK IT OR EXPECT
IT..ALL SHE ASKS..ALL SHE
HOPES..IS JUST THAT YOU
PAY THE INTEREST ON IT..

AND YOU CANNOT PAY EVEN THAT IN
MONEY..BUT ONLY IN PATIENCE AND LOVE
AND GENTLENESS..THE ONE KIND OF CUR-
RENCY THAT IS LEGAL TENDER IN THE
PLACE WHERE MOTHERS GO.

ON THE NEXT DEPARTMENT PAGE

BAIT CASTING

will soon be going on on every lake and pond. An article on the Boys' Page describes the best tackle and methods.

SELECTING SMALL EQUIPMENT FOR THE KITCHEN

is a subject of prime importance to every housewife. An article on the Family Page is full of sound advice and fresh information.

CANOEING

is the most delightful of summer sports and one at which girls may become expert. An article on the Girls' Page reveals in plain and simple language the whole art of paddling.

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TREATMENT OF TOOTHACHE

IN last week's article we discussed the two common causes of toothache and showed how they originate. Of course the sufferer with toothache should go to the dentist at once, but sometimes the pain comes on in the evening or on Sunday or a holiday or when a person is temporarily out of reach of professional help. In such a case dental first-aid is necessary. It is essential that a person should know which form of toothache is tormenting him, whether congestion or inflammation of the pulp or of the peridental membrane in the tooth socket.

In the case of a decayed cavity the pain from irritation of the exposed pulp is excited by hot or cold food or by anything acid or salt or sweet or by the pressure of a seed or a particle of food that has got into the cavity. The pain is sharp and severe, but usually paroxysmal and not continuous unless actual inflammation has begun. Pressure in the cavity causes a severe exacerbation of pain, but tapping on the tooth or snapping the jaws together has no unpleasant effect.

In peridental inflammation on the other hand the pain is dull and boring and increases with pressure on the tooth; heat or cold usually does not effect it. The tooth is raised a little in its socket so that even closing the jaws gently causes pain. Pressure on the gum reveals tenderness, and when an abscess forms, the face becomes red and swollen.

Having determined the cause of the pain, we may begin treatment. If a decaying cavity is visible and we can see a food particle or a seed lodged in it, we must remove it gently with a needle and then cover the opening with a pledget of absorbent cotton or a small pad of clean linen soaked in oil of cloves or creosote or a mixture of the two; a drop or two of the medicine is usually enough. The cotton should not be pressed into the cavity with force, but, unless the opening is very large, simply laid over it. When no cavity is visible the entire tooth may be covered with cotton. In a case of that sort it is not always certain which tooth aches, but touching the teeth with a piece of ice will soon reveal the offender.

When the trouble is inflammation in the tooth socket tincture of iodine may be painted on the gum—but only once, for repeated applications will cause trouble,—or a little piece of capsicum plaster may be applied; or little poultices made for the purpose can be obtained at any drug store. Poultices should not be applied to the face for fear of drawing the abscess to the surface and leaving a scar. Sometimes the pain is greatly relieved, however, by cold applied to the swollen cheek. Of course prevention is better than cure, and regular visits to a good dentist will ensure it.



AS THE PUPILS WOULD HAVE IT

THESE amusing blunders, perpetrated by girls and boys in various English schools, are listed in the Schoolmaster, an English journal for the edification of pedagogues:

What is the effect of lead on water? It sinks.
What bird lays the biggest egg? The biggest bird.

What discovery was due to the falling of an apple? The wickedness of Eve.

But perhaps the most amusing was one girl's confident declaration that the Roman numerals "LXX" stand for "love and kisses"!



EXPERT'S WORK

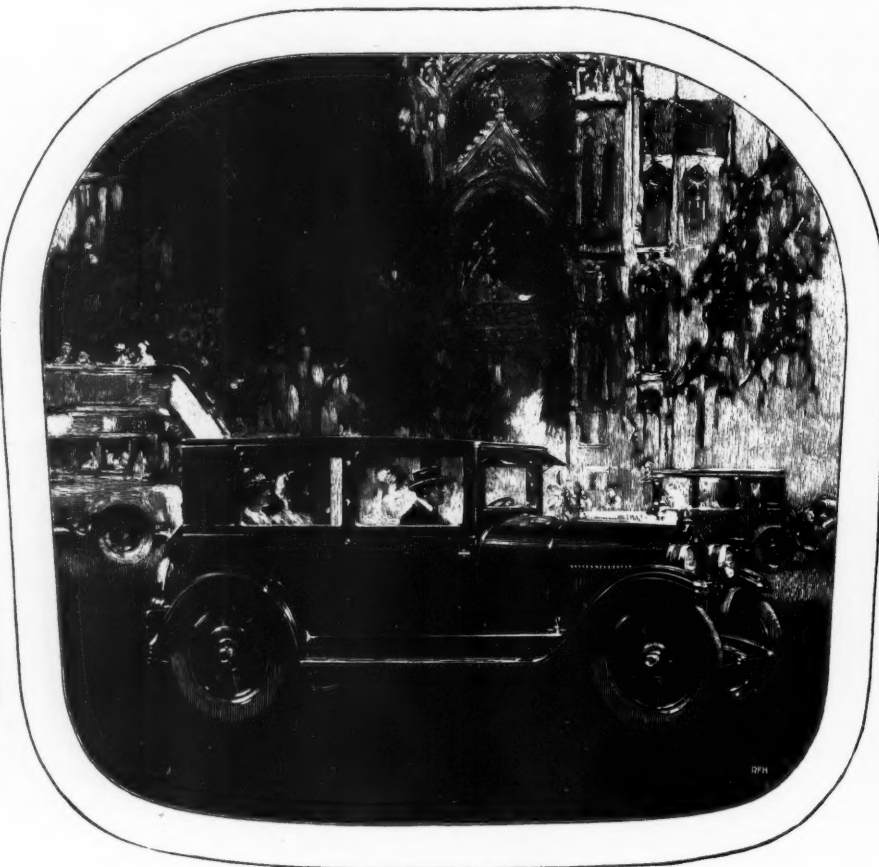
AS SCOTSWOMAN once applied to a solicitor for advice. After she had detailed all the circumstances of the case, says the Tutler, the lawyer asked her if she had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred.

"Ou ay, sir," she replied. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the loes till't yourself."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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OFF CAMPUS

MARIE felt quite at home in Marion and Josephine's room. Marion's couch with its load of pillows was as gay as it was comfortable. Ree sprawled luxuriously out on it, wedged the pillows closer and smiled across at Josephine. "You, Joey, there, what ails you? Where's your sunny little smile?"

"Isn't it in place?" said Jo with a grimace. "It must have slipped off when I wasn't watching."

There was a frown between Marion's eyes that should have warned Marie, but she was always curious. "I say, Joey, are you bowed down by your years? This business of being a senior is sort of weighty, I admit."

With a sudden gesture Jo leaned forward with both elbows on the desk; but still Marie did not notice. "You forget I'm not a senior really." Jo's voice was strangely tight.

"Oh, well!" said Marie, flushing. "You're just the same as one. It's a sin you can't have cap and gown. One silly freshman math exam—"

"But you see," Jo explained carefully, "there's also a silly sophomore Latin and a downright flunk in my chemistry major."

"Oh, I didn't know; I never dreamed—"

Marie's cheeks flamed. "Oh, truly I didn't!"

"Nobody else did either except the registrar." Jo's laughter ended in a frown. "Marion is shocked right now to hear me telling you. She knew about the chem."

"But, Joey, you did take that Latin over last week," Marion protested.

"Which makes the third time I've failed it," Jo finished lightly. "I meant to tell you, but somehow I just didn't get up courage."

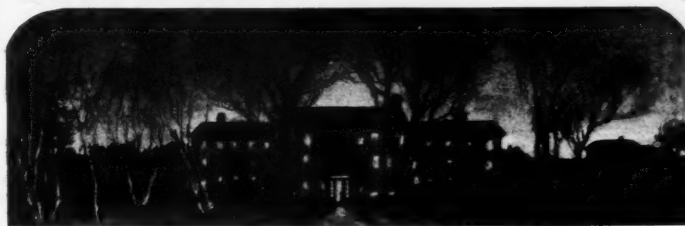
With a little cry her roommate flung an arm round her. "You weren't afraid that I'd be cross? My dear, I haven't meant to scold you."

"Oh, you couldn't be cross; you don't even know how. But you couldn't help remembering," Jo faltered and went on more quickly. "You're thinking this minute how I wasted every night that week before the examination. I'm thinking about it myself." She straightened. "I have cause to think rather seriously." She laughed again, but there was no joy in the sound. "The registrar brought it to my attention this morning."

Swiftly Marion knew. "That's why you've been—"

"So snappy ever since?" Jo said and shrugged. "Please don't talk till I finish; it's easier to tell you both at once. You know how I've frittered my time away. Every year I meant to settle down and pass those old exams off. It was bad enough not to get my cap and gown. When I found there wasn't any hope for that this year it made me sort of desperate. I thought things couldn't be much worse. Now I've gone and failed in my major, and I'm gently requested to leave. Not worth my board, so to speak. I don't deserve any sympathy, but,"—she broke down then,—"but, oh, I want it just the same!"

Marion's arm pressed closer round her. Ree hovered near, nervously handling the trifles on the desk. "Oh, how I wish I hadn't said



DRAWINGS BY MAY AIKEN

a word!" she exclaimed sorrowfully.

Jo lifted her head. "Never you mind, my dear. I brought this on myself; I'm sorry I brought it on you two also. I'm going home, and next fall I'll start over somewhere else." Her chin set squarely. "Next time I'll go at it all quite differently, and I'll succeed." She made a strange little face. "Even the registrar said it wasn't lack of brains that had caused the trouble—just flightiness!"

In the distance a bell tolled its warning. "Dinner in twenty minutes," observed Marion.

Ree caught up her books. "I wish," she said passionately, "that I lived on campus! I've been wishing so ever since freshman year. It's terrible to have a family who make you live at home." She buttoned her coat. "Do you know what I'd give just to sleep one night on a hummocky college cot? And to scamper when lights-out rings?"

"It is a shame," Jo said sympathetically. "I hate to have you miss those hummocks. My cot's an education in itself. She who can sleep without a moan,—ah,—she may face the world alone!" She ended triumphantly. "If only this college gave credits for genius! 'Night, Wee-Ree."

Ree trudged down two flights of stairs and opened the big front door.

On the steps Marion caught her. "It's dreadful to talk about it, but you'll have to make your application if—Ree, can't you manage it somehow? Won't your family let you come on campus for your last semester? Tell them I'll take care of you!" Marion drew her aside in the shadows. "They're sure to fill Jo's place. I couldn't bear a stranger. Oh, I couldn't! You know that you come next to Jo."

"I didn't know." Ree's eyes were shining. "I'd rather room with you than do anything else in the world! I—I'll ask father once more. Oh, you aren't crying? I just can't bear it if you do!"

Ree's own eyes were misty when she ran away across the campus. The twinkling rows of dormitory lights blurred into a multitude of stars. She followed the path rather blindly out to the street and away through the village. Jo was such a dear! Truly she never worried; but just as truly she never failed a friend. Ree's mind filled swiftly with a dozen memories—Jo treating them to ice cream with the last bit of her allowance, Jo offering to walk downtown for the ribbon Marion forgot, Jo standing in line a long half hour to get them all reserved seats for the Senior Show, Jo running over to the library between her classes to sign up for

reserved books that Marion needed, Jo—Marie shook back a lock of hair. "It seems," she thought swiftly, "as if Jo had done everything we hated to do since we were freshmen. Oh, it's just too horrible! I couldn't go in and take her half of the room—oh, I couldn't!"

Nevertheless she said to her family that night, "It would be wonderful to live with Marion. I never dreamed of such a chance. I—I suppose I couldn't, could I?" The doubt in their faces spurred her on. "Just this semester? Then I'll get my job, and the very first money I earn—"

"That money is promised several times already," her mother reminded her gently. "Oh, I know, but if you guessed how much I want—"

She broke off helplessly and tried again. "I've never once lived on the campus; I've missed all the fun."

"All the fun?" Her father's voice was worried.

"No," she said penitently, "no. It was wicked of me to say that. Oh, I know how you've all scrimped to pay my tuition. I only thought—"

She lifted her head rather wearily. "Of course this is much too good to come true." She hated herself for the look of pain in their eyes. "I'll tell Marion—"

Then her father spoke: "You tell Marion we'll manage somehow—to let you go. You're right about its being your last chance. I'm sorry we couldn't—"

She hugged him rapturously, but over his gray head she saw her mother's face; the lines between her mother's eyes were deeper.

"She's wondering," Ree thought, "how in the world he will manage it."

She looked in vain for Marion at morning chapel. When she did not appear for the history lecture Ree grew worried. "After French class I'll run up," she said to herself.

But the French class lasted beyond the hour; Marie had to run all the way to reach the gymnasium on time. It was noon before she climbed the stairs to Jo's room; there she faced a closed door. A "busy" sign refused her admittance.

Marie considered. Finally she knocked, three long and three short raps—an old signal that they had. There was no answer, and she knocked again. Some one moved inside the room. "Let me in," she pleaded. "It's Ree."

The movement ceased. Then came the sound as of some one crying softly with her face among the pillows. Deliberately Ree tried the door, but found that it was locked. "Let me in," she pleaded. "Let me in, Jo, dear!"

But no one answered. At last Ree went away, catching her breath lest she herself should cry and some one should see her.

That noon she found a piece of paper under the table at home; on it was a list of items. Obviously it represented hours of figuring. In her mother's careful writing the pitiful list stretched down a long page. "New coat—Jimmy's shoes—pillow cases—"

and at the bottom in her father's hand, "Books." Then she saw that he had struck off the last item. They had argued over which should make the sacrifice; they had doubtless made another list and discarded this one.

Ree clenched her hands. "It's dreadful—oh, it's just unbearable! My father's the very best minister for miles round, and yet he has to



With a little cry her roommate flung an arm round her

scrimp like that! He's saved for months to get that set of books. He needs them. He'll have to have them or some others if he's going to stay the best for miles around! As for mother's coat and Jimmy's shoes—"

She was sobbing when her mother found her. "Oh, my dear Ree, I wouldn't have had you see that list for all the world! My dear, forget it. Ree, don't cry so. Please don't cry so!"

"It's like a book about poor people!" the girl lamented. "Oh, it's sordid! It's like the sob stuff in a melodrama—shoes and coats and—and sacrifice."

"But truly, my dear—" Ree flung up her head. "You're going to say that really you don't need that coat, and really Jim can get along. Mother, if you say that, I shall scream or—or something!"

She caught the list and crumpled it. She knew from her mother's little gasp that after all it was the only one. Deliberately she tore it again and again. Then her fingers steeled; she even smiled a little.

"I hope that list is irreplaceable!" she declared. "It shan't be replaced anyhow. I'll have to hustle back to a chem class, but while I'm gone you just tell father that he and you and Marion together couldn't make me go on campus if you talked from now till commencement! Tell him if he dares to introduce the subject I shall have hysterics—father's scared of those!"

She laughed then, but she worked all the afternoon in laboratory, scarcely speaking to her neighbor. Then she climbed the dormitory stairs again. The door was closed, but it opened readily. The room seemed torn to pieces; pillows were missing from the couch; pictures were gone from certain corners. Ree swiftly investigated; Jo's closet was empty.

In that moment some of Ree's high courage failed her. "It would be such fun! We'd have my rosy lamp shade and my tea set. There's such a perfectly distracting view from both the windows! It would have to be distracting, though, to help us manage without Joey."

Hastily she shut the door, inquired along the hall and got the news at last. "Jo Matthew's gone off home. They do say that she—Marion? Oh, she's down sick at the infirmary. Cried herself into a headache."

Ree trailed her way wearily up campus to the infirmary.

"Absolutely no." The nurse was quite unmoved. "I'm sorry, but she can't see anyone. The doctor said a week's rest. Nerves like hers need rest."

Ree laughed; she had not meant to. "Guess my own need something," she said apologetically.

The week dragged by. At home Ree found her father pitifully glad; relief showed in his tired face. "Decided not to quit us, have you? Glad of that." He hesitated. "Didn't mean to have you find out, though, what—"

"Now, father, you know what I said—hysterics!"

"W-well," he said and yielded.

Marion sent for Ree at last. "I had to fight them both." She meant the nurse and the doctor. "Oh, they think my nerves are shattered and my health impaired." She laughed a little. "It was rather impairing, wasn't it? Jo grabbed her things and went so fast!" She remembered swiftly. "She wouldn't let you into the room that noon. I was crying my eyes out on the couch. Jo hadn't shed a tear. Oh, she was wonderful! I wanted her to let you in. 'Not much,' she said. 'I can stand a lot, but I'm pretty near the end—of my standing.' She promised to write to you and explain."

"Oh, that's all right," Ree answered dully.

Marion went on. "About our rooming together—no, wait—wait, I say!—I have to take that back." She did not look at Ree. "I—I'm terribly embarrassed, and besides all that I'm furious. You know the doctor's had her eye on me; she thinks I'm high-strung! Jo told her I didn't sleep at night much when the hall was noisy and a lot of things like that. So now she says—Marion frowned—"that senior year is worst of all. She says commencement is just—oh, uncivilized. They have so many things doing; of course she's right about that."

"Well?" Ree prompted her.

"Oh, she's written to my parents, recommending that I live here the rest of the year unless—"

"Here?" Ree gasped. "But you're not sick enough for that?"

"I told her I'd already asked you in to room with me. I told her—Marion chuckled—"that you were very calm and quite

sedate, and that you wouldn't in the least excite me."

"Wait!" Ree pleaded. "I want to tell you something too. I've been pretending that my family just wanted me at home to help when really it's because of the expense. I—I feel like a cheat. They can't afford to pay my board on campus. If I came, I'd come on mother's new coat and Jimmy's shoes. Oh, you won't understand!"

"Maybe I do," Marion insisted. "You mean—you mean your family really need—oh, money?"

Ree nodded miserably. "They need it dreadfully. I never knew before just how dreadfully."

"You mean, Ree," Marion demanded,



WHEN I was a boy at our old farm in Maine one of my daily tasks every fall—generally from the first of September to the last of October—was to boil a kettleful of food for the pigs. That was not so small a chore as it might seem, for there were a good many pigs, never fewer than a dozen and sometimes as many as eighteen, and the kettle was huge. It held more than twenty bucketfuls. I believe the old squire had got it from a "potash," once situated at the Corners, where "saleratus" had been leached from wood ashes. It was set in a brick arch out of doors at the far side of the farmyard.

My business with it was first to put in three bucketfuls of water from the farm pump, then to fetch wood and kindle a fire under it in the arch. While the kettle was heating and the water coming to a boil I trundled a wheelbarrow to the field and dug a bushel of potatoes, which I washed off at the pump and put into the kettle. Next came ten or twelve large pumpkins, which I broke up with a maul before stowing them in the kettle on top of the potatoes. The pumpkins too had to be wheeled either from the field or from a rick of them piled at the far end of the west barn. In seasons when the pumpkins ripened well there would frequently be thirty cartloads of them in that long yellow rick. Then when the heavy round cover of plank was pressed down on the broken pumpkins in the kettle I had to tend the fire and keep the mess boiling smartly till it was well cooked and ready to be mashed with a small amount of corn meal. For no Western corn came to us in those days; domestic animals were fattened largely on potatoes and pumpkins or squashes. In Maine we never raised corn enough so that we could feed liberally with it; and sometimes we lost our corn crop altogether owing to early frosts.

I was busy at the kettle one morning about the middle of September when a boy came running across the fields, "coo-ee-ing" eagerly. He was Edson Wilbur from the Wilbur farm, next beyond the Murch place, and his first words were, "My Aunt Emma Sweetzir wants me to go over to Sweden"—Maine—"and stay at her house while she goes to Franconia"—New Hampshire—"to find out about Uncle Ruel. She wrote to mother last night and wanted me to be sure to come over today. But I've got to go afoot, and I don't want to go alone and stay there alone. She's going to be gone four or five days, and my folks said I might ask you to go with me."

Ned's Aunt Emma and his Uncle Ruel, it should be said, had had domestic difficulties; Uncle Ruel, who appears to have been a handsome but flighty sort of man too much concerned with his own good looks, had abandoned his family in quite an improper manner, and his wife, feeling greatly aggrieved at his behavior, was determined

"that just perhaps they'd take a boarder?"

"We take them every chance we get—all the visiting parents and such. I never said much about it. I told you I was cheating."

Marion scarcely heeded. "Would they take me?" she breathed.

For a second Ree could only stare. "Take you?"

"The doctor said if I could find a quiet place down in the village she'd release me," Marion said and laughed. "But I thought I'd hate that. I didn't dare ask you. You've never even hinted, Ree. I was afraid of insulting you."

"And what if I hadn't told you about—about the coat and Jimmy's shoes?" Ree moaned.

A BOYISH ODYSSEY

By C.A. Stephens

to find him. Matters indeed had gone so far between them that they had disputed over the ownership of their domestic goods and furniture, each claiming a part—all of which was rather scandalous, though at the time neither Ned nor I—we were each only about thirteen years old—knew much about the affair.

Boylike I wanted to go; it would be a fine change from steady cares at home. I hope I wasn't influenced by a desire to escape my daily job at the pigs' kettle, but I am afraid I was—at least in part. I did not believe that our folks would let me go, but after I had replenished the fire under the kettle Ned and I ran off to ask the old squire, who was at work with Addison and Halstead in the farther field.

He shook his head at first, as I had expected him to do, but Ned pleaded with him and, getting hold of his hand, hung on so long that finally the old gentleman said to me, "You go ask your grandmother. If she says you may go, I am willing."

Thereupon we ran to the house to coax Grandmother Ruth—a harder task.

"Humph!" she said at first. "I guess not." But Ned pleaded in turn with her, and at last he got hold of her hand too while I looked on imploringly. Ned was a great boy for coaxing; he hung on to her hand and teased so long that at last the old lady yielded and went to fetch my Sunday suit, cap and shoes. But before letting me go she took me aside by the arm and, leading me into the dairy, said, "Now you know that Edson is a very hasty, impulsive boy. When you are off with him you must always be cautious and not get drawn into trouble." And I promised with exuberant gratitude!

She put up a lunch for me to eat on the way, and we two boys set off as happy and frolicsome as a couple of young dogs. We did not leave the Wilbur farm, however, till afternoon, for Ned had preparations to make. Since the distance to his Aunt Emma's place in Sweden was nineteen miles, his father hitched up and drove us for the first ten. Ned had never before visited Sweden, in fact he had never seen his Uncle Ruel; and after Mr. Wilbur set us down we hurried on afoot, stopping only to study guide boards and inquire our way at farmhouses, for we were anxious not to get lost in that strange, new country.

Much of the way was through forest, and once we thought we saw a bear in the underbrush; but finally just at sunset, rather tired and footsore, we reached the farm where Ned's aunt lived. I was astonished to find his Aunt Emma so young; she looked scarcely older than my cousin Theodora at the old squire's, who was only fifteen years old. Aunt Emma's eyes looked as if she had been crying a great deal, and there was a baby boy, whom she called Ruley, not more than a year old.

The house, a two-story structure that Ned said had once been a tavern, was a poor old place with neglected buildings. I recollect feeling a little homesick as night came on. We had only corn-meal mush for our supper, of which we partook by the dim light of a

"You came that near to missing me!"

"It would have served my beastly pride just right. But now," she said exultantly, "you can have the room across the hall, and we can study—oh, anyone could study there; it's as still as still! I believe that Jo—"

Their eyes met suddenly. "If Jo had a chance like that!" exclaimed Ree.

"She really meant to study," said Marion. Ree stood up swiftly. "I'm going to the registrar and the dean and the president,—and the board of trustees if necessary,—and I'm not coming back to you till they promise Jo another chance!"

Marion called to her in the doorway. "I've a feeling in my bones that you'll be back here soon!"

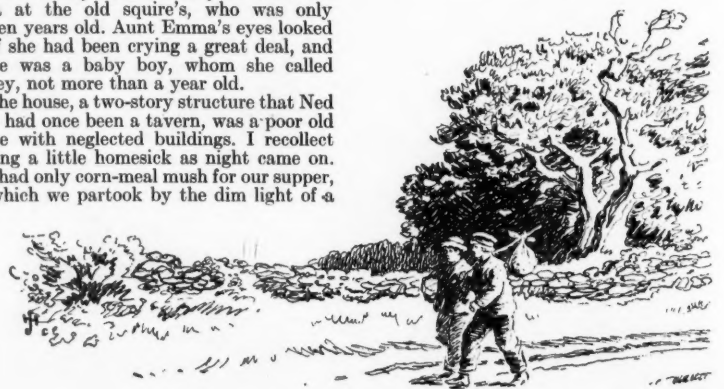
tallow candle. While we were eating Ned's aunt told us what to do and what to care for during her absence. There were two cows to be milked night and morning, a pig to be fed on boiled potatoes, nine hens to watch and eleven turkeys to be driven in at night from the fields where they were searching grasshoppers for a livelihood. Foxes and owls were a menace there and had already taken much of the poultry. There was a patch of potatoes that Ned's aunt asked us to dig if we had time and also a little field of corn, the ears of which she wanted us to gather, husk and spread to dry on the floor of one of the empty rooms upstairs. She also mentioned other chores, cares and cautions, the most of which I forgot, I was so sleepy.

Finally Ned and I asked whether we could go to bed, and his aunt showed us up the bare, steep stairs to a front room with two windows overlooking the yard and the road past the house. I remember only that the bed seemed much harder than mine at home, and that just as we were going to sleep we heard Ned's aunt crying in the next room.

Why she was crying puzzled us; we couldn't imagine what ailed her. That is about all I remembered till I heard her out in the yard early the next morning, hitching up her little black horse to an old wagon, both shafts of which were repaired with bits of rope. Little Ruley was lying wrapped up on the wagon seat. Evidently Ned's aunt was about to set off; she wore a hat with roses on it and had donned a worn old velvet cloak, for the morning was frosty and cold.

We dressed in great haste and ran downstairs, and by the looks of her eyes we knew that she had been crying again. She told us what we were to eat while she was away. There was salt pork, she said, in a barrel down in the cellar and corn meal in a chest in the pantry. The hens would lay eggs, which we could fry with the pork. We could make corn-meal mush and bake "ban-nocks," and she told us how to do it. There were potatoes out in the field that we could roast in the oven or boil. Then there were milk and cream; after we had milked the cows we were to set the milk in pans down cellar for the cream to rise. We should have to boil potatoes to mix with the skim milk for the pig, and she showed us the skimmer and the cream pot. We could churn, she said, and get butter, but she guessed we had better not try that. Her last words to us as she drove away were not on any account to leave and go home till she had returned. "And don't let the foxes get my turkeys!" she called back to us from the road.

Left to ourselves, we got pails from the pantry and went off to the old barn, which stood some way from the house, to milk the



two cows. What we didn't know was that one of them milked easily, and that the other milked painfully hard and also kicked. We took our choice at a venture, and by good luck I got the easy, gentle one—much to Ned's disgust; he had dreadful times milking that kicking cow, and I just sat at mine and laughed. Afterwards we cooked breakfast of a sort and then went to our job of harvesting corn at the little field near the woods. But we discovered that it was fast being harvested ahead of us; field and fence were swarming with squirrels,—gray ones, red ones and striped ones,—all busy gathering their winter stores. The whole place was chittering with them.

"By jimmies! This will never do!" Ned exclaimed. "They'll carry off all of Aunt Emma's corn."

I remembered seeing a gun standing behind the door leading to the stairway; a boy generally has a quick eye for a gun. We ran to look at it. Apparently it was a good, single-barreled piece and probably belonged to Ned's vagrant Uncle Ruel.

"I think we ought to shoot those squirrels," Ned said.

I was doubtful and remembered my promise to Grandmother Ruth. But Ned began searching for ammunition, and we finally found some in an old coffepot set far back on the top shelf in the pantry—about a pound of coarse black powder, a bottle containing fine birdshot no larger than turnip seed and a box of little brass percussion caps. Finding that bonanza quite dispelled all my thoughts of caution.

We sallied forth with the gun, and, oh, didn't we have a great time that day blazing away at the squirrels, taking turns firing! If we stood within ten yards of them, the birdshot was very effective.

It would have been as well perhaps if we had fallen to work harvesting instead of shooting, for the next morning there were nearly as many squirrels there as ever. Next day too was Sunday, but after some earnest consideration Ned said that saving Aunt Emma's corn was plainly a "work of necessity." Accordingly we set about it with a bushel basket and a wheelbarrow, and before night we had most of what the squirrels had left safe inside the old barn, ready to husk.

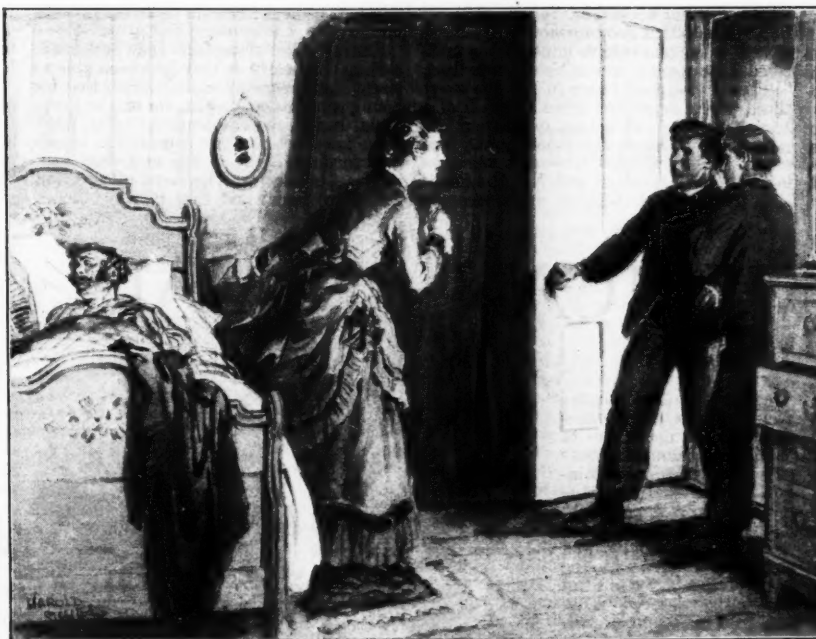
Monday it rained for a part of the day, but we husked the corn and spread the ears in an empty room upstairs adjoining the room in which we slept. That night loud outcries from the poultry at the barn awakened us. We imagined that foxes had got in or else that a thief had come. Not quite daring to go out, we fired the gun from one of the back windows to frighten off the marauder. The moon shone bright, but we saw no one.

In the morning, however, two of the turkeys were missing—a loss that afflicted us deeply, particularly Ned. "What will Aunt Emma say?" he exclaimed at intervals all day.

I burned my wrist in an effort to make mush that morning; the hot stuff flew up suddenly from the kettle. Ned too had his face spattered with hot fat while he was trying to fry eggs. But we were learning a good deal every meal we prepared.

That day we began to harvest the potatoes and due out two bushels, but, if there is any kind of farm work a boy of thirteen dislikes more than another, it is to dig potatoes from a tough, grassy field. After an hour or two Ned said he felt it was our duty to watch those nine remaining turkeys more closely.

DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD SICHEL



"See what you've done! Look at my poor Ruel's face!"

I agreed with him at once, and, leaving our hoes in the field, we got the gun and spent most of the day rounding up those turkeys when they wandered too near the edge of the woods. There was a great deal of forest thereabouts, and no neighbors lived within half a mile or more.

Next day was wet again, much too wet to dig potatoes! We did the chores at the barn, boiled a squash for the pig, skimmed milk, cooked and watched the turkeys. But despite our vigils another turkey disappeared during the afternoon. Ned's grief was now quite poignant. "Oh, what will Aunt Emma think of us?" he cried. The woe of the unfaithful steward was as nothing compared with that of poor Ned! After much anxious thought we shut the turkeys up in the barn and decided to feed them on boiled potatoes and skimmed milk.

All next day we were looking for Ned's aunt to return, for this was the fifth day since she had left us. It seemed to me that she had been gone a month! We tidied up and rehearsed what we should say to her about the turkeys, but we couldn't make our conduct look like much except neglect, word the matter as we would. She did not come during the day, but we thought that she might arrive late in the evening. Ned said we would not fasten the outside door as usual, and we finally fell asleep upstairs with it unfastened.

Late in the night a great noise below waked us. "She's come!" Ned exclaimed and, jumping up, began to dress in haste so as to go downstairs.

But I went to the window to look out, for I had heard sounds in the yard. The moon had risen and was shining bright. There was a span of white horses harnessed to a long wagon or cart backed up near the door; and as I looked down some one hauled a bureau that had stood in the sitting room out over the doorstep and with difficulty lifted it into the wagon. I could see chairs and rolls of bedding in the cart.

"Ned," I whispered excitedly, "come here! That isn't your Aunt Emma! It's a man, and he's stealing things from the house!"

Ned was astonished. "It's a burglar!" he whispered. "What shall we do?"

For a few moments we kept very still and watched. Plainly a robber was at work. A terrible noise began below; the rascal was tearing down the stovepipe and dragging the stove to the door. Ned grew wildly excited. "Oh, he's getting all Aunt Emma's things! We mustn't let him!" he whispered.

I was alarmed for our own safety. "Suppose he will come upstairs?" I asked.

"Of course he will!" said Ned, who was so excited that he shook. "We must shoot him! We must shoot him!" he cried and grabbed the gun, which we had taken up to bed with us every night.

"But that birdshot would only make him mad!" I remonstrated. "Don't, Ned, don't!"

"But he's getting all poor Aunt Emma's things!" exclaimed Ned, nearly beside himself. "He thinks nobody's here! Let's shoot at him!"

Ned raised the window, and I tiptoed to the door to make sure it was bolted.

"Here, you scamp! What are you doing there? You clear out!" Ned cried down, but he was so frightened that his voice was a mere childish squeak.

The man, who was lifting the stove into the cart, stopped short and stared up at the window; then he laughed. "How did you get up there, sonny?" he exclaimed.

"None of your business!" Ned retorted. "You clear out or I'll shoot ye!"

The fellow laughed again. "Oh, I guess you wouldn't hurt anybody," he replied and began heaving at the stove again.

Ned cocked the gun and whispered, "I'll scare him! It'll drive him off."

"Don't fire right at him," I urged, remembering Grandmother Ruth's cautions about Ned. "Fire over his head or into the ground."

Ned shoved out the gun and let drive. The report was followed instantly by a yell below, then another and another! The horses started violently. Stove and man tumbled out at the rear end of the cart on to the doorstep, and then we heard the fellow groaning, "Oh, I'm shot! Oh, I'm killed! My head's all shot to pieces!"

Where Ned thought he had pointed the gun isn't clear; I imagine he didn't know. If we were frightened before, we were terrified now. "You've killed him!" I whispered.

"He'd no business to be robbing then!" cried Ned stoutly.

"He will kill us if he's got strength enough left," I said quaveringly.

"Let's load the gun again," muttered Ned, and then by the faint moonlight in the room we put in another charge, a big one, listening all the while.

The wounded intruder had not gone away. He was now in the house. We could still hear him groaning. At length we mustered courage to unbolt the door and go softly downstairs, holding the gun ready for emergencies. Apparently the scamp was on the bed in a back room next to the kitchen. He was moaning distressfully.

We peeped in. Hearing us moving, the fellow suddenly cried out to us to get a doctor. "Whoever you be, go get a doctor!" he entreated. "Go to Lovell Village and get Dr. French! Tell him to come to Ruel

Sweetzair's place and come quick. Tell him Ruel Sweetzair's been shot!"

We drew back, horror-struck. "Ned, that's your uncle! You've shot your Uncle Ruel!" I cried in a whisper.

Ned stood speechless. "Oh, do hurry and get Dr. French!" the distressed voice moaned again from the bedroom.

We stole out limply into the yard. The horses with the cart were now across the road, browsing among the bushes. Without stopping to unload the chairs and bedding, we mounted the driver's seat and drove off along the road at a venture, for we had not the slightest idea where Lovell Village was; we were so upset we did not half know what we were about.

Day broke, and it soon grew light. The horses were slow old beasts; it was nearly impossible to make them trot. As it chanced, we went two or three miles astray before coming to a guide board with "Lovell Village" on it and an index finger pointing the way. We turned about, made three turns more and afterwards were as good as lost for fully an hour, since at the two farmhouses where we called to inquire everyone appeared to be either asleep or gone away. At last we overtook a girl who told us she was going to Lovell Village. Ned coaxed her to ride with us, and finally we reached Dr. French's house, but not until nearly nine o'clock.

The doctor was busy with a patient who had broken her arm, but he said he would come in an hour. We then started to drive our tired team back to Uncle Ruel's, but we did not arrive till almost noon. On entering the yard the first thing we saw was the little black horse and wagon that Ned's aunt had driven away. She had just returned.

Ned rushed in, and I followed. The scene in the little back bedroom may have been one to bring joy to the angels, but hardly to us! Ned's aunt was embracing and kissing Uncle Ruel and sobbing over him, calling him her dear and her poor darling, trying to wipe the dried blood from his face and imploring him to get well and never leave her again! "O my darling Ruel!" she cried. "I forgive you all! Only say you will never run away again!"

Hearing us at the door, Ned's aunt turned like a tigress and screamed: "Oh, you wicked, wicked boys! See what you've done! See what you've done! Look at my poor Ruel's face! You've shot him! You've shot him! Oh, I hate you! I never want to set eyes on you again!"

Ned caught his breath and looked at me, and I looked at Ned. Instinctively we backed off and out into the yard; then we bent a retreat to the barn. Just then the doctor drove up and went in; and after a dreadful, silent while we stole back to the door.

At last the doctor came out with his little trunk and went to his buggy. Ned rushed to him. "O doctor, will he die?" Dr. French laughed. "Oh, no, not yet awhile," said he. Ned tried to seize his hand to ask more.

"Oh, no," the doctor continued, seeing our agitation. "Don't worry. I've picked out about twenty of those little shot from the skin of his face and his scalp. But he will soon be all right. He could get up and be out now if he had a mind to," he added with no great amount of sympathy. "I guess you have spoiled his good looks for the present," he said as he drove off.

It is probable that the doctor knew something of his patient's antecedents. We left the cart and the furniture in the dooryard, but put the tired horses into the barn and gave them hay. We also let out the turkeys to eat grasshoppers, fed the pig and turned out the cows. Afterwards we watched the house awhile rather anxiously; we were hungry, for we had eaten nothing since the afternoon before. Within much tearful affection was still outpouring, and the prospect for food was bad.

We did not quite dare to go in, and after hanging round awhile longer Ned suddenly threw up his head and cried, "Let's go home!"

That proposal was most welcome to me. We set off at a run, but stopped wherever we saw blackberries by the roadside to partake of them. A man in a wagon overtook us and gave us a lift as far as Waterford. I



had twenty-five cents, and at the grocery there we invested largely in crackers and cheese. We hastened on, stopping only for an occasional drink at wayside brooks; and we finally reached the home neighborhood by half past six that evening.

I went in at the Wilburs' with Ned to help him tell the story of our Odyssey. His parents were much concerned at first, but after hearing what Dr. French had said Mr. Wilbur suddenly rose with a snort and

went out to do his chores. "I hope this will be a lesson to that good-for-nothing loafer to stay at home and behave himself!" he muttered. I supposed he meant Ned's Uncle Ruel.

Then I hastened home to tell the story there, where it created quite as much of a sensation. The old squire questioned me rather closely about the shooting and also about the shot. Indeed, he was so solicitous lest I might be involved with Ned in a homicide that he and Addison drove over to

Sweden the next forenoon to investigate the matter.

During the afternoon they returned, smiling. As nearly as they had been able to learn, Ned's recreant uncle, hearing that his young wife was out looking for him at Franconia, had seized the opportunity to come home between days and capture the household furniture! But all was now condoned, forgiven, made up. The dove of affection had flown back, and that bare old house

was joyful with the flutter of its happy wings. The truant husband was up and about, but Addison said that his face looked as if he had had smallpox.

We heard a year afterwards that he was considerably pitted—little blue pits—and that Ned's aunt felt very badly about it! Still it's an "ill wind which blows no man to good," and "sweet are the uses of adversity." We never heard of any further infelicity at the Sweetzair farm.

GREAT AMERICAN ANIMALS

V. THE MOUNTAIN LION

By William T. Hornaday
Author of
American Natural History



In the East and South the puma has almost slipped out of the public eye. That is because the species is so far gone that it no longer figures in the despatches. A stray "occasional" is heard from in Florida, but down there they grow so small that there is no temptation to buy them for zoological park purposes. The days wherein the deadly "panther" plagued the hardy settler of New England and New York have passed away. In the illimitable mountain forests of Pennsylvania I think that an occasional puma still is found, but by accident rather than by deliberate hunting.

In the states of the Far West the status of the puma is different. There it is a going concern. It is called the "mountain lion," and in numbers it is by no means insignificant. When "Buffalo" Jones was superintendent of the wild animals of Yellowstone Park he complained bitterly of the way the mountain lions were destroying elk. He said that at the mouth of one den he found the remains of nine elk calves.

The puma is the most widely distributed of all the large cats of the western hemisphere. It roams all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from British Columbia to Patagonia. Several species and subspecies are recognized by the few zoologists who have closely studied the animal, but the specific differences are slight. All the specimens that we have had from Venezuela, Columbia, Florida and Mexico have been much smaller than the big brutes from Colorado, Wyoming and points west. I think that for length the eight-foot specimen shot in Colorado by the late President Roosevelt represents highwater mark. I warn all persons against taking too seriously the measurements of skins. After having seen an Alaskan brown bear skin stretched and tanned about three feet beyond its legal length I am shy of all skin measurements.



A ROCK LOVER

The puma is a lithe, thin-bodied, flat-sided animal, tall for its weight and brownish drab in color. Of all the large cats of the world it is by far the best tree-climber. A large and perfect specimen is a handsome animal, and its face is really beautiful. The length and thickness of the tail add much to the appearance of the animal. Colonel Roosevelt's finest specimen, killed on February 14, 1901, near Meeker, Colorado, weighed two hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and its length before skinning was precisely eight feet.

In some zoological gardens the bears, lions and tigers have been surrounded with artificial rocks in imposing quantities to represent their "natural haunts," despite the well-known fact that lions and tigers rarely, if ever, inhabit such intensely rocky situations. The grizzly bear is virtually the only big carnivore that ever lives in such surroundings. The mountain lion, however, is a real rock-lover, and when it can find rock cliffs with holes and caverns in them it gladly dens up in the most inaccessible "hole-in-the-wall" that it can find. In the Southern states and in all other countries destitute of rocky mountains and sierras it hides in the densest brush and jungle that is available.

In the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, Wyoming and Arizona, where it is possible to ride on horseback after hounds, it is great sport to hunt mountain lions. The dogs find the lions, chase them until they climb trees and then hold them at bay in the pines and spruces until the hunters come up and shoot the lions down.

In 1907, when Mr. Zane Grey went with

"Buffalo" Jones to the Kaibab Forest, which comes down to the north rim of the Grand Cañon, Mr. Jones gave a flavor to mountain-lion hunting that never before had been imparted to it. Instead of shooting the treed lion he boldly and cheerfully climbed up to the level of the bayed animal and either lassoed it or pushed it off its perch with a long pole. Each fallen animal was eventually roped by Colonel Jones and the waiting cowboys and stretched out upon the pine needles. With skill and care the untrifled Jones snipped off the sharp ends of its claws, buckled upon its neck a leather collar and with a chain about eight feet long tied the captive to a tree.

Since 1916 the government hunters have killed seventy lions in the Kaibab Forest, which has made a mighty dent in that situation. Mr. Grey in one of his books gives Colonel Jones as his authority for this curious statement:

"In sex there are about five female lions to one male. This is caused by the jealous and vicious disposition of the male. It is a fact that old Toms kill every young lion they can catch. Both males and females of the litter suffer alike until after weaning time, and then only the males. In this matter wise animal logic is displayed by the Toms."

And this is recorded by Mr. Grey concerning the hunting habits of the mountain lion:

"A cougar seldom pursues his quarry after he has leaped and missed, either from disgust at failure or knowledge that a second attempt would be futile. [This is also true of the cheetah.] The animal making the easiest prey for the cougar is the elk. About every other elk attacked falls a victim. Deer are more fortunate; the ratio is one dead to five leaped at. The antelope, living on the lowlands or upland meadows, escapes nine times out of ten; and the mountain sheep, or bighorn, seldom falls to the onslaught of his enemy."



ATTACKED BY PUMAS

Pumas, bears and lynxes love the shelter of the rugged, weird and picturesque bad lands of Montana and Wyoming and feed on the mule deer that equally enjoy those regions. In the wonderful bad lands of Snow Creek, Montana, I saw my comrade Mr. Laton A. Huffman kill a full-grown mule deer buck whose antlers, head and body told most plainly the story of an attack by a mountain lion. The main beam of one antler had been broken off halfway up; one ear had been badly torn; there was a twelve-inch scar from a bite on the back of the neck, and the hind quarters had been scratched. The attack must have been made by an immature puma, or the deer could hardly have escaped.

For many years the puma was dreaded and feared by timid frontiersmen far beyond anything its courage in attacking men warranted. Of course it is the wise and correct thing to be afraid of an animal big enough and bold enough to kill deer and elk; for with all animals big enough and strong enough to kill us we are wise in taking no chances. The puma has a habit of uttering in the mating season blood-curdling screams, and those screams are quite enough to



DRAWN BY
CHARLES
LIVINGSTON
BULL

attach the white badge of fear to any hearer. Let there be no question about the scream of the puma. I have heard it myself a score of times in the mating season, and so have thousands of other persons.

I have not searched the records in efforts to ascertain whether in pioneer days in the East any pumas ever attacked men or women, but I must say that I know of no cases. In recent times two thoroughly-authenticated instances have occurred. The first record is of two schoolboys in northern California, who were out picnicking with their teacher on the bank of an almost dry stream. In the bed of the stream the boys were wantonly attacked by a vicious puma, and before the teacher succeeded in frightening and driving the beast away one of the boys was so severely injured that a little later on he died from the wounds.

The other case occurred at Cowichan Lake, British Columbia. On September 3, 1916, Doreen Ashburnham, an eleven-year-old English girl, and Anthony Farrar, eight years old and also English, each carrying a riding bridle, left home to go three-quarters of a mile to a pasture to catch and bring in their ponies. Half a mile from the home ranch a mountain lion suddenly came round an angle in the trail. At once the animal sprang upon Doreen, knocked her face down upon the trail and crouched upon her back for a moment before proceeding to maul her. Instead of running away in terror, Anthony, who was London bred, cried out, "Hold still, Doreen! I have a plan!" and forthwith jumped from a bush at the puma, striking it with his bridle as hard as he could.

BRAVE CHILDREN



At that the puma left Doreen and sprang upon Anthony. Anthony said: "We both fought him, and he tore my nose and cheek with his paw and forced me to the ground on my face, and then he tore my back and bit me on the shoulder and tore my scalp. While he remained on me Doreen attacked him with her riding bridle and her fists, and she put her arm into his mouth to prevent him biting me. It bit her through the right arm above the elbow, and she fought it with her fists and the bridle. The panther slunk away finally, and we both ran home. We were both covered with blood."

It took forty-six stitches to sew up Anthony's wounds, and he was more than six

weeks in the hospital at Duncan, B. C. The puma that made the attack was promptly found and killed by Charles Marc. Its weight was "about seventy-five pounds," and one eye was afflicted with a cataract. Thanks to the interest of Mr. John R. Green, a barrister of Victoria, who took all the testimony in this case, the King of England awarded to each of the gallant children the Albert Medal. Mr. Green wrote me in 1918: "One dog at Duncan recently treed his hundredth panther successfully."

In story papers and in books the puma long has been a sadly-overworked animal with a right to be peevish at being dragged out of bed at all hours of the night to be put through its paces to make copy for the story tellers. Hundreds of thrilling stories of imaginary adventures with pumas have been written and printed, and hundreds more will be made up; but, so far as people are concerned, this animal is in reality no more to be dreaded than a savage dog that is kept by a mean master. It appears to be true, however, that occasionally it follows benighted travelers or hunters out of what is believed to be curiosity. It preys upon every kind of living creature that can be killed and eaten except man and sometimes even makes the tactical error of tackling a porcupine. A starving puma once was found with its mouth and throat so obstructed by porcupine quills that it could not eat.

Mr. W. C. Henderson, acting chief of the United States Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, has just now caused to be furnished me for this article some extremely interesting figures. They were compiled jointly by the men of the Biological Survey and the United States Forestry Service, and among other things they show the thorough acquaintance of those organizations with the big game situation in the national forests. The first item is this statement of the number of mountain lions killed as pests to stock growers by Biological Survey hunters and collaborators, state and private, in the states named, from July 1, 1915 to June 30, 1923, a period of eight years: Arizona, 392; California, 30; Colorado, 55; Idaho, 10; Montana, 62; Nevada, 26; New Mexico, 247; Oregon, 53; Texas, 16; Utah, 81; Washington, 12; Wyoming, 15; Total, 999.

The rangers and other officers of the Forest Service have displayed great diligence and enterprise in making careful estimates of the number of mountain lions believed now to inhabit the many national forests of six Rocky Mountain states. Figures are given for each forest, and the summaries by states are as follows: Colorado, 490; Idaho, 314; Montana, 1012; New Mexico, 100; South Dakota, 15; Wyoming, 71. Total, 2002.

The warfare by the national government and the states to destroy the mountain lions that are so fearfully destructive to cattle, sheep, young horses, elk, deer and other game is continuous. The Department of Agriculture keeps in the field a large force of trained and expert pest destroyers; and each stock-growing state in the mountain-lion area pays substantial rewards for dead lions. I think it is the estimate of the government experts that where deer are plentiful

a full-grown mountain lion will on the average kill two of them a week.

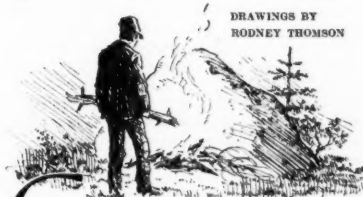
The official mountain lion hunter of California

says that it is the common habit of the puma to kill a sheep or a steer, eat a small part of it, move on several miles and

leave the black bear to finish eating the meat and to be blamed by the stockman for the killing and to be hated accordingly.

For a long time I have been trying to make the public understand that even wild bears have their trials.

FIGGY DUFF POT By Theodore Goodridge Roberts



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

CORNEY returned to his father and grandfather with a weight off his heart and a load on his back, for he had ordered and obtained more than a bag of bread from the store; and all he had had to do was name what he wanted and sit in his skiff under the wharf and let Denis hand it down to him.

"There bes nought to fear from Denis Dikeman," he said. "No, nor from the skipper neither. They bes beat, an' they knows it!" And he repeated something of his conversations with Denis.

"They bes frightened sure enough," replied the father without enthusiasm, "but don't ye get to tallyin' yer pelts till ye sculp yer swile,"—skin your seals—"b'y. An' don't 'e be lettin' yerself get blinded an' swole all up wid vanity, Corney. There bes trickery an' cheaterly brewin' wherever there bes a Dikeman! Forget the blandishments of their tongues an' watch their eyes. Sure, watch their eyes an' never let 'em trick ye into a house wid one of them twist yerself an' the door."

"I bain't trustin' 'em, no more'n I'd trust me hand to a trapped lynx," Corney assured his father. "But we has 'em beat anyhow! There bes nought left now for Skipper Dikeman only honesty or ruination."

"He'll daddle 'em bot', ye may lay to that," said Dick Conway.

A week of peace passed over Figgy Duff Pot with nights of frost and days of sunshine. The fishermen delivered the last of the summer's catch, all cured to a wish, into the skipper's sheds and down the hatch of the fore-and-after and took home with them on account whatever they fancied; and Corney did their bookkeeping for them. Everything was lovely; and skeptics who refused to believe their eyes failed to get so much as a glimpse of anything else to believe. Corney visited the barren every day, but he did not meet Kathleen Dikeman there once or find any sign of her having been there. But he glimpsed her several times at long range across the harbor, walking in front of the white house, and knew that old Bridget Toon was keeping a close watch on her.

The Northland Rose, with Denis Dikeman in command, set out for St. John's with a freight of fish. Denis had invited Corney to accompany him on the cruise, but despite the temptation to take the opportunity to learn at first hand the fate of his petition to the government Corney had been suspicious enough to make excuses and remain at home.

The morning of the ninth day after the schooner's arrival from the north and the third after its departure to the south was smothered in cold fog. If the sun got up, no sign of him pierced to Figgy Duff Pot. The fog was like gray blankets against the little windows of the cabins. Breakfasts were cooked and eaten by lantern light and

Chapter Seven. A cry in the fog

candle light, but to open the door and look out you wouldn't believe there was another burning wick in the harbor. You might just as well stare into a bale of wool for all you could see of lights or landscape. With his feet to the rusty little stove and his shoulder to the lantern and his nose in a book Corney sat indoors all the morning with his father and grandfather; but as soon as dinner was over he put the sailor's revolver into his pocket and stepped outside. The fog was thinner, though only an authority on fogs like Corney could have noticed any difference in it. It smelt thinner, yet no sign of the high sun was visible. The fog still appeared so thick that Skipper Dikeman and Barney Toon might have been standing within the length of a kick of Corney for all he could see. To thrust out your hand the length of your arm was to lose sight of it as if it had been chopped off at the wrist. But the obscurity and blindness did not daunt Corney in the least or even bother him much. There was no fog between his inner vision and the bright map in his mind, and his sense of touch and his sense of smell were still at his service. For a few seconds he stood sniffing to seaward against the drifting fog, then he turned and, feeling the rut of the path with his feet, went up among and through the invisible rocks to the top of the invisible cliff.

The fog was a trifle less dense on the barren than down in the Pot and was drifting more swiftly. By almost as direct a route as he would have taken had the sun been shining Corney made his way to the knoll near which he had last met Kathleen Dikeman. He was almost as familiar with that part of the barren as other men are with the rooms of their own houses. The touch of his feet on moss and berried sward, on peat and slime and rock, the touch of a hand on a boulder now and again, an occasional investigation of the contour of a thicket or the flank of a knoll, the varying slants of the ground, the drift of the fog—by those things he knew his position and kept to his course.

He did not expect to find Kathleen Dikeman on the knoll or anywhere else on the barren; he knew that she could not move fifty yards in that obscurity without losing her way. He hoped heartily that she had remained safe at home in the white house, and yet he was keenly disappointed at not finding her where her presence would have astonished him in the circumstances more than finding there a mermaid with a golden harp and a crown of pearl!

At the leeward base of the knoll he made a little fire of dry moss from the floor. He fed the flame and built it up with dry twigs from the nearest edge of the thicket of spruce tuck. He loved a good fire in the open and especially in a chilling and blinding fog when nothing else could be seen; so he made a good one. He tore dead brush from the nearest thicket and heaped it on with liberal hands until the flames licked and roared and the sparks went up in golden showers to vanish in a breath in the drifting, smothering mass of the fog.

The slow wind veered and blew stronger for a little while. The fog lifted from the ground, disclosing the black flanks of thickets, sloping rocks and moss and red patches of partridge berries. It lifted higher and higher, uncovering the lower hummocks of granite brush; it thinned and lightened overhead, and the sun shone dimly through. Corney climbed with all speed to the top of the knoll and gazed off in the direction of Figgy Duff Pot; but even as he looked the wind veered and baffled, the upper haze thickened, the sun dimmed, the lower mists reunited and sank and rolled deep and again blotted out the face of the wilderness.

Corney returned to the fire and fed it with the heaviest fuel he could find in the vicinity. He was uneasy in his mind and nerves, and this uneasiness strengthened and intensified swiftly to downright anxiety. Reason with himself as he would, he could not rid his mind of the suspicion that Kathleen was not safe at home, but was somewhere abroad in the fog. The more he argued with himself against the possibility of it the more probable it seemed. What more likely than that she should seize upon the first opportunity in nine days of slipping away from Bridget Toon? What did Kathleen know of fogs? She would be reckless in her ignorance and in her anxiety to escape from the unwelcome surveillance of the old woman whom she feared and disliked. He moved slowly away from the fire, pausing often to harken against the fog.

He heard a brief cry from somewhere in the chill smother that hemmed him in, and, though he had been listening for it, it startled and shook him like a hand on his shoulder out of the gray dark. It was as faint as it was brief, muffled by the fog, so faint and so brief was it indeed that after standing motionless for half a minute with all his senses strained against the blanketing silence and gloom he almost doubted that he had heard anything. It might have been the bark of a fox or the cry of a bird, he thought. He was as uncertain of the direction of the

sound as of its nature. He stumbled forward a few paces, then halted and shouted. Hearing no reply, he shouted again and again to the cardinal points of the compass; and then he heard it a second time and knew beyond a doubt that the source of it was human.

After a great deal of shouting, of changing direction and of scrambling and stumbling Corney found Kathleen Dikeman. At the moment of discovery she was at a standstill, caught in a tough clump of spruce tuck and on the verge of tears. He dragged her out of the tangle and told her how foolish she had been to venture on the barren in such a fog.

She recovered herself quickly. "Bridget is here too," she said. "She followed me and found me, and we both got lost. She hurt her knee. She is over there."

They went over to where the old woman was sitting helpless on the ground. She glared at Corney, but did not speak.

"They have kept watch on me as if I were a prisoner," whispered the girl. "And she is the worst of them—and now she can't walk. But I had to try to find you in the fog, Corney! Don't trust Denis!"

"I don't trust him," replied Corney. "Not Denis nor a soul in the grand white house save only yerself."

They moved half a dozen paces away from the old woman. "He pretends to be friendly with you, but he is as dangerous as the others," said the girl. "And he knows about your herd of deer. That is Barney Toon's fault, the wicked, deceitful old man! He is no more loony than I am. I believe he used to spy on you almost every day before you shot him in the leg. Denis plans to slaughter all your tame deer and sell them in St. John's."

"Do 'e now!" exclaimed the lad. And then, remembering the old woman, he dropped his voice to a shaking whisper. "Murder all me deer, would he? No, by t'under!"

"When he returns from the trip he's on now and as soon as the weather is cold enough to save the meat. He has planned a great secret hunt so's to kill them all in a few hours. I overheard him talking."

"He'd be a fool to do it even if I'd let 'im, an' even if the deer bain't mine by law, they be mine by right anyhow. An' he knows what I'd do if he run at'wart me hawse that way. It would be his last trick on this coast. Would a few dead deer be wort' it? No! There bes more in his mind nor I can see."

"And more than I can see too. But you will save the herd, won't you, Corney? Ruinin' us wouldn't give you back your tame deer."

"I'll save 'em, ye can lay to that! An' but for yerself, Kat'y, I'd smash him an' the skipper widout waitin' much longer. It's what Angus Brown would of done before now if he'd knowed the diviltries they be imaginin' in their black hearts an' tryin' wid their dirty hands."

"How would you smash them, Corney?"

"I'd go to St. John's an' tell Homer Brown of Prows & Co. to open up the envelope Angus Brown give to 'im, an' that would be the end of Skipper Dikeman an' Denis Dikeman on this coast!"

"Why do you trust me like this, Corney, telling me everything? You know whose daughter I am."

"I'd trust ye like I would Angus Brown himself."

"Corney, if they were to get you in their

The expression of his face became more and more fixed



power, if anything were to happen to you, what would become of the people then? It will be months before your friend gets back from his voyage to South America. All the good that you and Angus Brown have done would be undone by then and worse than undone! The people would be robbed to the bone and worked to death and starved to death before Mr. Brown would know anything about it, the poor, ignorant, cowardly slaves! And where would you be?"

"They'd be afeared to kill me."
"But if you were lost on the barren?"
"Lost. Ye mean stalked like a stag an' shot in the back?"

"Yes."
"Nobody wid a gun will get near enough to me out of sight of the harbor to shoot me, I promise ye that."

The fog thinned again and whitened, opening up the view for twenty or thirty paces and holding at that distance. They returned to old Bridget Toon, whom they found with her face hidden in her hands. At the touch of Corney's hand on her shoulder she trembled and uttered a low cry of fear and looked up. The terror in her face changed to amazement.

"Ye bes back ag'in?" she whispered. "I t'ought ye'd left me to perish on the foggy barren!"

"There is no Dikeman blood in Corney Conway," said Kathleen bitterly.

"Nor Toon blood," said Corney, regarding the old woman indignantly.

She was small and thin. He stooped and lifted her in both arms and set out in the direction of Figgy Duff Pot. The girl followed close at his heels.

Bridget felt light enough at first, and Corney stepped out steadily, securely and at a good pace. For two hundred yards or more he was scarcely aware of her weight; then he began to realize that she wasn't a feather. Soon after that he thought how much easier his task would be if she were a nunny bag that he could sling across his shoulders. His steps lost some of their speed and steadiness. He gazed straight before him, and the expression of his face became more and more fixed with the passing of every ever-lengthening minute. He wondered just how much the girl at his heels expected of him, just how much or little she knew of the strength of the human frame and the difference between a weight clasped to your chest and a pack strapped high to your shoulders. A suspicion that she expected him to carry the old woman all the way home without a rest entered his mind and filled his stout heart with the desperation of despair. He knew that he couldn't do it, but he also knew that he would try and keep on trying, though it killed him! His steps faltered. The back of his neck began to ache, and his arms became numb.

Suddenly Kathleen laughed. "You are as vain of your strength as you are of your brains, Corney Conway," she said. "But please put her down now, for I'm tired of trying to keep up with you."

He lowered his burden to a mossy hummock, staggered away a few paces and sat down. Kathleen sat down beside him.

"There bain't much heft to her," he said. "There isn't another man on the coast would have carried her half so far without dropping her," replied the girl.

"There bain't anudder man but Barney would of spelled me a foot," said the old woman.

The fog began to close in on them again. Corney lifted Bridget and resumed the journey, but halted again after covering two hundred yards. He put the old woman gently on the ground, and as he did so his glance met hers, and he was strangely moved at the sight of tears in the hard eyes of that formidable old woman. By that time the fog was as thick as wool again.

"How will you find your way?" asked Kathleen.

"By the feel of me feet," he answered.

She laid a hand on his arm and drew him aside. "Do you intend to go to St. John's about father and Denis?" she whispered.

"Not if they don't harm me herd of deer," he whispered back.

"And you will try to save the deer from them?"

"Aye, ye can lay to that! The deer has fait' in me, an' if runnin' wid 'em don't save 'em then I'll stand an' fight."

"You will drive them away back to safety, miles and miles out of reach before Denis returns; and the longer you remain away from the harbor the better for yourself, Corney. It will be as dangerous a place for you as for your deer as soon as old Barney Toon gets on his feet again, for he is the

only one of them with nerve enough to shoot at a man. You will need a lot of powder and bullets and caps for that old gun. I shall get them to you somehow or other."

"I'll drive the deer away, but I won't stop away meself," replied Corney gruffly. "There bain't Dikemans enough nor Toons enough to chase me out of Figgy Duff Pot for more'n the time it takes to run me herd out of peril." He returned to Bridget and, lifting her in his arms, resumed the journey in the blind fog.

He moved slowly, feeling for every step. He hadn't gone far before he suddenly floundered up to his knees in soft, gulping bog. There he stood for a few seconds, considering. "The northeast edge of Willy Wisp's Bog," he said reflectively; and with that he took a half-turn to his left, wrenched his feet out of the mud and continued his journey on a new slant. But it wasn't long

before he had to set the helpless old woman down again and take another rest.

Kathleen, following close, immediately resumed the whispered conversation where she had left it off. "You know my window, Corney? The top one in the westward gable. I'll put the ammunition into little waterproof bags and throw them as far out among the rocks as I can, straight out from my window. If I can't do it tomorrow, I'll manage it next day, and you will come at night and hunt for them; and then you'll drive your herd away to safety before Denis gets back or Barney is able to walk again."

"Aye, but I won't stop away from the harbor. I bain't afeared of Barney Toon!"
After a brief silence Corney became aware of faint sounds beside him that unnerved him more than the banging of sealing guns would have done; his young companion was weeping. He felt the quaking of her left

shoulder against his right shoulder, felt it right through to the very seat of all his tenderest emotions.

"Maybe I'd stop out a week or two," he said in a hurry. "Aye, or maybe t'ree. I bain't sayin' I t'ought the skipper wouldn't be up to his tricks."

The muffled sounds of weeping ceased gradually as he took up his burden. Soon he set old Bridget Toon down and turned to the girl. "An' now she'll be makin' trouble for ye, Kat'y," he said.

"Her nor yerself has nought to fear from me from now on, Corney, b'y," murmured the old woman. "If ye had one friend in the white house, now ye has two—an' may ye never die till I kills ye, Corney Conway! Go now, for deat' lurks for ye on this side the harbor, an' take a poor misguided old woman's blessin' along wid ye."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WHOOP-LA MULES

By Herbert Coolidge



HE summer when my brother Grant and I went into the business of scientific collecting we bought a pair of small desert mules from an old prospector named Jim Elder. According to the repeated assertions of Elder both the animals were "as gentle as dogs." Finally, however, as he was carefully putting the purchase money into his pocket he did remember to mention: "But they're Mexican broke, boys, so of course they're kind of whoop-la on the start. Jack, he's as nervous as a horse, and that makes John a little nervous too. You'll have to watch them of a cold morning."

Grant and I found that we certainly did have to "watch them" on cold mornings—and also on hot mornings. In fact it turned out that the old prospector had expressed himself conservatively about the matutinal nervousness of Jack and John. By saying that they were "kind of whoop-la on the start" he meant that they were both dead set on running madly for the first half mile. When they had done that they would calm down and be demure enough for the rest of the day.

The old prospector was doubtless correct when he attributed their behavior to the fact that they had been "Mexican broke"—that is, lassoed when they were young and wild, harnessed somehow or other, hitched to a wagon and allowed to stampede across a mesa where there was plenty of room for them to run. The embarrassing part for Grant and me was that the excitable little rascals were bound to begin the race the moment we began to hitch them to the wagon. Although they were exceptionally small, they were wiry and spirited; it was pretty hard to hold them and at the same time to fasten the traces while they were rearing and plunging. If we held them back too long, Jack the Firebrand, as we called him, would

throw himself flat on the ground. We had a good many lively fracasces with Jack and John that summer. On one occasion when Grant and I were trying to get a family of campers out of a burning cañon the antics of Jack the Firebrand and his faithful follower John proved to be anything but a laughing matter.

At the time we were collecting mammals in a heavily-timbered cañon high up in the San Jacinto Mountains. Camped near us was an old family friend, a shoe dealer from Los Angeles named Chandle, who was enjoying a summer outing with his wife and child. Early one morning when we had been there about a week we discovered that a forest fire had broken out just over the ridge, and we at once decided that we must move quickly to a large wet meadow five miles distant. Chandle immediately set out after his horse, which had broken loose during the night, and Grant and I started in opposite directions to bring in our string of traps.

An hour or so later Grant and I, returning to camp at almost the same time, found Mrs. Chandle greatly perturbed because her husband had not yet returned. Stopping only to say what we could to reassure her, we set off on a run in the direction that Chandle had taken. Now that it was too late, we blamed ourselves heartily for allowing our friend to go after his horse alone, for we knew that he was not an adept at mountaineering.

We had no trouble in picking up Chandle's trail. Incidentally we found where his horse had dragged its picket rope straight down the road that led out of the mountains. An hour later after many windings we traced Chandle up a deep, heavily-timbered gorge a mile and a half from camp. Presently Grant halted and said:

"He's lost, that's sure. Here is where he got worried and began to run. He's heading straight for the fire, but he couldn't see the smoke on account of the timber, so of course he didn't know it. I'll have to keep going and overtake him if I can. You hurry back to camp before that poor little wife of his worries herself into distraction. Fire the

Grant and I made our rush for the end gate of the wagon

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



shotgun every ten minutes and get everything ready so we can pull out in a hurry."

I dreaded going back to camp with such a burden of dismal tidings, but there was no way out of it. So I returned and with as great a show of hopefulness as I could muster told Mrs. Chandle what the situation was. She bore up with much more fortitude than I had expected.

The smoke indicated that the fire was now spreading rapidly in our direction, and I began to make ready for a race with the flames. First I harnessed Jack and John. As usual Jack the Firebrand began to champ his bit the moment his bridle was on. Soon a fiery, determined light appeared in his eyes. I knew that he was waiting for the fray, and I tied him to a stout tree, hoping that he would not have to wait long.

Once the mules were harnessed I fired the shotgun; then I stripped our wagon of its load and, soaking the Chandles' tent and all our bedding in the spring, put them back on the wagon. Then I put a wet blanket on Jack and another on John, but apparently neither of the uncivilized rascals had ever before worn a blanket of any kind, much less one that was wet and dripping, and they continued to squat and cringe dramatically all the time I was making their covering fast to the harness. While I was finishing that work the fire topped the ridge about a mile above our camp. Fortunately, it would have to burn downhill and against the wind to reach us; still I judged that our cañon would burn out within an hour.

At that moment I saw that Mrs. Chandle was almost beside herself with anxiety; so to make it appear that I still fully expected to escape from the cañon and also to give her something with which to occupy her mind I asked her to put up a good substantial luncheon for the five of us. Then in the intervals of signaling with the shotgun I carried our camp dunnage to a near-by washout, where I covered it with dirt and turf as a protection from fire.

The firing of the shotgun was an event of great interest to little Joe, Chandle's four-year-old boy. After every shot he would ask eagerly whether that was for father and whether father would hear it and come. Each time I could see that it was very hard for the mother to control herself, but she always answered steadily, "Yes, Joe, father will hear and come."

Half an hour passed. I had buried all of the camp equipment except a few articles that were too bulky, and there was nothing left to do except to fire the shotgun and time the interminable waits between.

Thus far I had been encouraged because the flames had not progressed so fast as I had expected, but now a shifting of the wind suddenly sent a hot breath from the fire down the cañon. I knew then that it would only be a short time—there was no telling how soon—before the timber round us would be a mass of flames. Some time before I had tried to persuade Mrs. Chandle to take little Joe and start on down the road, and now I bitterly regretted that I had not insisted. Needless to say, I would have given anything for a pair of mules that I could have hitched up alone.

The next few minutes were the most rackingly anxious time of my life. I believe that I did nothing except fire the shotgun as fast as I could load. At any rate I found it so hot

in my hands that I could hardly hold it. And then suddenly from the timbered slope above us came a faint shout from Grant. I was so glad that I felt light enough to fly; I flung aside the shotgun and ran to meet my brother.

At first I thought that Grant was alone, but as his outline showed more plainly through the smoke I saw that he was supporting Chandle. I immediately turned and shouted the glad news to Mrs. Chandle, who was following distractedly with little Joe.

Grant was panting so that he could hardly talk, but as I joined him he managed to gasp out: "Fire headed him back this way; then he heard the shotgun. He came toward camp then, but got pocketed in the brush. Lucky I found him."

Grant was so nearly exhausted that he had to lie flat on the ground for a while after he reached camp. Chandle was limp; it was all his wife and I could do to hoist him into the bed of the wagon. As soon as I could get Mrs. Chandle and Joe aboard I had them lie down beside Mr. Chandle, and then I covered them all with the wet tent. Then I ran for the mules.

First I got John and tied him to the same tree with Jack. Thereupon Jack immediately began to paw the ground, and John of course immediately did the same.

After coupling them together with the lines I ran to the wagon, took the neck yoke off the end of the pole, hastened back with it and fastened the straps to the collars of my champing steeds. Then Grant came, and the fracas began.

I had never seen Jack and John so much excited. The long wait, the firing of the shotgun, the wet blankets on their backs and the roaring and heat from the rapidly-approaching fire combined to make them wildly eager for their half mile run.

Grant's first move was to cut the mules loose with a couple of hasty slashes of his sharp knife. Then, taking each a mule by the bit, we led them to the wagon and made John step over the pole. Grant immediately raised the end of the pole, but before he could insert it in the ring of the neck yoke Jack reared on his hind legs and lunged forward. John instantly lunged also, and in spite of our strenuous efforts they dragged us thirty feet before we could check them. When we turned round we had a hard time making them face the heat and smoke of the approaching flames.

At that moment Chandle's pallid face appeared from behind the wagon seat. "You boys want any help?" he asked anxiously.

"Lots of it!" said Grant desperately. "You get up in the seat and hold the lines; then my brother can hitch the traces while I hold their heads. First, though, we've got to take those blankets off—that must be what's making them so crazy."

It took us only an instant to strip off the wet blankets, but, if removing them had any soothing effect on Jack and John, I did not notice it. When we had driven them to the wagon and again made John step over the pole both mules simultaneously shot forward. They nearly dragged Chandle out over the dashboard before he could let go the lines, and they pulled Grant and me along over the ground for fully a hundred feet. When they were excited Jack and John had mouths like iron.

For a few moments Grant and I stood staring blankly into each other's face. Meanwhile Jack and John were pawing and champing like a pair of furies, and the fire, drawing dangerously close, was filling the cañon with its crackling roar.

Suddenly Grant's eye lighted. "I know," he said. "Hobble them!"

While I held both mules by the bits Grant hastily took off the remnant of the tie rope that was dangling from Jack's neck. Using a hitch employed by Mexicans when hobbling animals with a thong, he fastened "the Fire-brand's" forefeet close together. That was a difficult task with an animal so possessed with the determination to bolt, but Grant finished it in an astonishingly short time. Tying John's forelegs was comparatively easy.

The moment Grant had made the last knot fast he rose and, running back to the wagon, picked up the pole. "Throw off the brake!" he called to Chandle. "I'm going to roll the wagon down to the mules."

There was a good grade, and Grant came on a trot. In a few moments he had guided the pole between the mules and was fitting

the end of it into the ring of the neck yoke. "Let me hold them!" cried Grant. "You hand the lines to Chandle; then hitch the traces."

The hobbles evidently had a subduing or a confusing effect on John, for he now stood stock still. So it was with Jack too until he felt the first trace being hitched. That had always been the signal for Jack to go, and instantly now with all his accustomed fiery ardor he started on his half mile run. Thanks to the hobbles, when he lunged forward he tripped and fell to his knees. Immediately Grant seized him by the ears and forced his head down to the ground.

Long practice had taught me to fasten those traces quickly under any ordinary difficulties, and I made good time now in spite of the heat and smoke and Jack's unusual position. As I made the last trace fast Grant yelled:

"Come on with your jackknife! Come on! Hurry!"

The cañon was like a kiln, and the fire roared so near us that I almost despaired of escaping.

"Turn them loose when Jack gets up!" Grant shouted to Chandle. "Don't worry about us; we'll catch on behind."

A moment later Grant was yelling to me,

"Cut away!" Then with simultaneous slashes of our sharp knives we set the mules free. As Grant and I made our rush for the end gate of the wagon Jack scrambled to his feet and was off like a shot. John, who was never first and yet never far behind, made an expeditious flying start also.

The wagon was lurching violently as Grant and I climbed in over the end. I expected that we should be wrecked every moment until Grant had his foot on the brakes and the lines in his hands. Then with both mules running like jack rabbits and Grant making his blacksnake whip pop like a pistol in the space between them, I began to feel safer, for I had unlimited faith in the mules' ability to run and in Grant's ability to drive them.

Fortunately, our road led down a sparsely-timbered flat carpeted with pine needles. At first we drew rapidly away from the fire, but later when the road turned uphill the flames pressed us so close that for a time it seemed doubtful whether we could escape from the cañon. However, in less than an hour from the time of their flying start a pair of very demure little mules drew our wagon out into a broad, wet meadow where no forest fire could follow.

THE MEANING OF WATER

TWO women who had the hardihood to undertake a camping trip in Death Valley, California, felt more than once the thrill of a new experience. In the White Heart of Mojave Mrs. Edna Brush Perkins writes entertainingly of their adventure and enriches it with not a little pleasant philosophy.

That was our first genuine dry camp, she writes, though it was the third time we had depended on the water carried from Furnace Creek. Water is the commonest of all commodities, so common that we fail to realize its value until we are without it. All the camps thus far had been resting places, homes. We had come to feel that any spot where we built our fire could be home, for the essentials of home are simple: a little water, something to eat, a bit of fire and good friends. When we had made camp in the forbidding inhospitality of Salt Creek we had had them all and had been at home; but that night when the Worrier began to unload the wagon in the stark middle of the solitary waste we were not at home. Nor could we make it home, however brightly we urged up the fire or however cheerfully we talked. One of the essentials was missing. No water, not even bad water, not a drop! That mesa was not a human resting place; we were aliens in it, transients, one-night-standers.

In the hot miles between Furnace Creek Ranch and the mountain spring we learned the meaning for our little lives of the commonest of commodities. We had never been so thirsty; no amount of water could satisfy us, and the supply was limited. We had enough for all our needs; yet we never could forget that there was an end to it. When the jolting of the wagon slopped some out round one of the corks we could have wept. Using any for cooking or washing dishes seemed terrible. Until then we had thoughtlessly turned on a faucet or drawn a bucket from a well or dipped water out of a stream. Now there was no water. The miles were not only hot, they were dry. The diminishing supply of warm, unattractive water in the dented gasoline cans was our most precious possession. We would have parted with everything we had rather than lose it.

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CRISP and flaky grains of selected wheat, puffed to 8 times their normal size, light as the air, and with the rich flavor of nut meats.

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**Quaker
Puffed Wheat**

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KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



The late Hugo Stinnes

FACT AND COMMENT

THE UNSATISFIED PEOPLE rule the world, but not the dissatisfied. There is a difference.

Both Men and Horses pull their Best
Not Tandem-hitched but All-abreast.

THIS IS A YEAR OF PRIZES, but no one has yet offered one for beating a train to the crossing.

ON CERTAIN TRAINS the Pennsylvania Railroad has provided "stag" sleeping cars; that is, cars for men only. The company explains the new departure as an effort "to afford greater comfort and convenience to business men, commercial travelers and other male passengers who are the most numerous patrons of these trains."

THE FORECAST of this year's sugar crop is twenty-one million six hundred thousand short tons, which is more than a million tons greater than last year's, and more than half a million tons greater than the crop of the previous great sugar year, 1913-1914. Ten years ago nearly half the sugar was beet sugar made in Europe, but this year cane sugar will supply approximately seventy per cent of the crop.

A NEW PLAN for harnessing volcanoes comes from Hawaii. The territorial government has consulted the Department of Commerce about a suggestion, seemingly practical, for making bricks of molten lava from the crater of Kilauea. The idea is to stretch across the crater a trolley that will carry an endless chain of buckets to scoop up the liquid lava, bring it to the rim of the volcano and pour it into moulds.

GAME LAWS in most of the states are antiquated and inadequate. The good roads, the automobiles and the increasing number of people who spend their vacations in the open country have reduced the once-abundant wild life almost to extinction. A good authority lately estimated that, if all the hunters succeeded in killing their legal allowance of game, they would destroy all the birds and mammals in the country in one year.

THE METRIC SYSTEM is undoubtedly the best method of weighing and measuring, but the present time is not propitious for urging the United States to adopt it. One of the provisions of the Britton-Ladd bill, recently introduced in Congress, is that after ten years merchandise shall be bought and sold in metric units. In present circumstances farmers, who are among the largest users of scales, will not calmly consider having to junk them even ten years from now.

ANY AMERICAN TOWN that has a population of a thousand or more and is willing to change its name to Cushman can have a legacy that now amounts to more than \$15,000. Another condition attached to the legacy is that only the income of the fund be spent, and that it be spent for the support of a high school or a grammar school. The legacy has been available and accumulating for twenty years. By and by some town will take over the name and the legacy of a former lieutenant governor of Massachusetts.

AN ITALIAN RAILWAY is experimenting with what is called a "thermo-aero locomotive." An oil-burning, internal-combustion

engine of the Diesel type produces both hot compressed air and steam, which it so utilizes as to retain all the advantages of a steam locomotive and to add others. The locomotive can be stopped without stopping the engine and has a great reserve of power for up-grades. There is no smoke, no soot, no ashes. The inventor hopes to reduce the cost of hauling on Italian railways seventy per cent.

A STRANGE LAND

ORDINARILY we hear little about Albania, but the fact that recently two young Americans while traveling through the country were murdered by bandits has now forced Albania on our attention. Our government has been prompt to enter its protest, and the Albanian government, such as it is, has been prompt to express its regret and its determination to punish the murderers if it can lay hands on them. There is no likelihood of any diplomatic trouble, but the affair has given the world a glimpse of the strange seclusion and primitive manners of the Albanians.

No other part of Europe is so little known to the rest of the world as Albania. It is a difficult country of tumbled and confused mountain ranges, hard to get into, hard to find your way about in, hard to find your way out of. It is off the direct route from anywhere to anywhere else, and there is no reason for anyone to pass through it except curiosity.

The Albanians are a sturdy and handsome race, perhaps the oldest-settled people in the entire Continent. They have lived in their present homes among the hills since before the Dorians and the Achæans invaded Greece or the Latin peoples swarmed into Italy. They seem to be a survival of the earliest Aryan wave that overran Europe. They were a part of the classic civilization, for Albania was a province in the empire of Philip and of Alexander. It had at Dodona the oldest and most sacred of the Hellenic shrines and oracles. The Via Egnatia, a great Roman road that was the highway between Rome and Byzantium, ran straight across it. There are Roman ruins, relics of the great days of the empire, scattered over its soil.

But with the decay of Roman power Albania slipped back into the twilight of semi-barbarism. It was more or less overrun by Slavs, by Bulgarians and by Turks; but the native race has retained its dominance to an astonishing extent, and no outside ruler has ever been able to exercise more than a nominal authority there. The Albanians are still clansmen in spirit, far less devoted to any national ideal than to the local patriotism of family or of village. Like all such peoples they are resentful of laws other than their own tribal customs. They are used to hard living and easily turned to brigandage.

Physically the Albanians are a race of unusual stature and beauty, with the hardness and love of freedom that all mountaineers possess. Most of them are nominally Mussulmans, though of an unorthodox type, but there are both Roman and Greek Catholics among them.

The time will no doubt come when this bold and virile race will play a larger and perhaps highly important part in Europe. They are caught now in a curious backwater, shut off from most of the influences of civilization, but they are in many ways the most attractive and promising of all the peoples in southeastern Europe.

THE CONSERVATIVE SPIRIT

THE person who is conservative by nature is one in whom nearly always the protective instinct is strong. The belief that the conservative is usually a selfish person who is mainly concerned with preserving his own comfort, and who is willing to block even desirable reforms rather than have his own ease of life interfered with, does him a good deal less than justice. There are selfish people among conservatives, and there are also selfish people among the most ardent liberals and the most intense radicals. But, although the liberals get full credit for their generosity and altruism, the conservative usually receives less recognition than he is entitled to for his deep feeling, warmth of affection and passionate desire to preserve and protect the institutions as well as the human beings that he has been brought up to believe in and to cherish. He has his faults,—of prejudice and intolerance and narrow-mindedness perhaps,—but seldom can he be charged with disloyalty.

His very loyalty is sometimes the cause of his ill success in resisting the attacks of those who regard themselves as the friends of progress. He is likely to be unintelligently skeptical of the value of new methods, to exalt sentimental associations above practical improvements; occasionally even to try to defend the indefensible. But when the conservative goes wrong it is less often because he is a selfish and gross materialist than because he is dominated by a somewhat blind sentimentalism. At his best he is quite as much an idealist as is the liberal at his best.

The name "reactionary," which is applied to the conservative as a term of disparagement or contempt, misleads many persons in regard to his true character. "He is not constructive," cry those who are animated chiefly by a purpose to destroy. But he at least has a respect for what has been constructed, a conception of the cost and the labor, the pain and the tears, that went into the building; and if in his faith in works that have been established he is sometimes exasperating, obstinate or stupid, his sturdy devotion to the task of upholding the existing order is perhaps as valuable to mankind as is the enthusiasm of those who see visions of a better world and strive to make others see them too.

COÖPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING

WHEN people stop dreaming of better ways of doing things progress will stop. Yet only a small proportion of the dreams ever come true. However, since there are millions of them, there will be great progress if no more than one in a thousand is realized. Some fail of coming true because the dreamers have no real knowledge how things can be done; others, like the dream of perpetual motion, fail because they are impossible.

Men and women, especially women, have long been dreaming of a better way to carry on housekeeping. The old way, which is still the present way, requires much monotonous work. Dependable servants are now so expensive as to be out of reach of all except the rich. How can we live well according to the standards of our civilization and yet avoid the drudgery of housekeeping? It is a serious question, especially for the increasing number who cannot hire servants.

Among the numerous plans for solving the problem is coöperative housekeeping. It has never succeeded well enough to encourage many to adopt it or even to lead those who did adopt it to continue in it; nor does there seem to be any sound reason why it should ever succeed.

If the coöperators hire their work done, they find that it is no cheaper to hire the help coöperatively than it is to hire it separately. Even a coöperative kitchen and dining room is seldom any cheaper or more satisfactory than a hotel or a restaurant; yet some people reason that it must necessarily be cheaper because it eliminates profits. That reasoning is based on a false theory. Profits are not ordinarily made by adding something to the price but by subtracting something from the cost. A restaurant that is not managed better than the ordinary coöperative enterprise makes no profit. People who eat at such a restaurant pay no profit. If a coöperative dining association gets as good management as a restaurant that makes a profit, it must expect to pay the manager a salary approximately as high as the profits of the restaurant are.

The real expense is more likely to be wages and salaries than profits. The way for coöperators to save money is not by eliminating profits but by eliminating wages and salaries; that is, by doing the work themselves. But if they do the work themselves, they find that it is just as hard and there is just as much of it in working coöperatively as there is in doing their work separately in their own houses. They can save money by eliminating wages and salaries at home as well as by doing the work coöperatively, and they find more satisfaction in doing it.

The dream of coöperative housekeeping as an improvement upon the present method has never come true and probably never will. Dreamers should try to dream of some other plan.

THE GLENWOOD EXPERIMENT

WHEN the strike of the railway shopmen came to an end in 1922 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, persuaded thereto by the arguments of Mr. W. H. Johnston, president of the International As-

sociation of Machinists, started an interesting coöperative arrangement in its repair shops at Glenwood, near Pittsburgh. The plan aimed to create better working conditions and more economical methods in the shops by means of a friendly understanding between the railway executives and the representatives of the labor unions among the employees. It was the belief of Mr. Johnston and of President Willard that the experiment would benefit the road through the increased efficiency and economy in the shop work and the men through better surroundings and through steadier and better-paid employment.

Both expectations have been realized. The "overhead" and the expense for materials have been cut in some cases almost in half, and the improvement in car service (as a result of better shop work) has been so great that the average car-miles a day for freight cars has increased from less than twenty-one in 1922 to almost thirty in 1923. At the same time the running expense of the car shop has been actually decreased. The men find their work better planned and more regular, for under present conditions the road is glad to turn all of its repair work into its own shops instead of contracting for some of it outside as it used to do. The Glenwood experiment is regarded as so successful that the two parties to it, the railway officials and the shopmen's unions, have agreed to extend it to all parts of the system.

The central point of the plan is the bi-weekly conference between the representatives of the management and the committee men from the various local shop unions. The meetings consider every means for improving the morale and the efficiency of the shops. The conferences have had the advice of a competent shop engineer, who, it is interesting to observe, was employed not by the railway but by the unions. Every detail of supply, distribution, organization and coöperation sooner or later comes to the table. The men find that the company is ready to effect improvements or to make changes that will make the work less laborious and more agreeable. The company finds that the men are quite ready to help in turning out more and better work if they see that they as well as the railway will benefit, that the savings are not to be "taken out" of them in some mysterious way.

The success of the plan lies in its creating mutual confidence—the only road to improved conditions in any industry. Suspicion is a deadly enemy to good work and to cheerful work. Nine times out of ten neither employer nor employee has any desire to get more from the other than he is justly entitled to, but nine times out of ten each is inclined to suspect the other of such a desire. It is through friendly conferences—and frequent ones too—like those at Glenwood that the two parties come to know each other, to understand each other, to trust each other and so to work faithfully together. Coöperation is the answer to more than one of the problems of industry.

HUGO STINNES

THERE has been a heavy mortality among the financial and industrial leaders of Germany since the war. Albert Ballin, the chief of the great steamship interests in Germany, was the first to go. Then Walter Rathenau, who was proving himself as able in the ministry of finance as he had been in the management of the great electrical industry, was assassinated. Now Hugo Stinnes, in some ways the most remarkable of them all, is dead, and the Germans are wondering what effect his demise will have on the tangled industrial and financial situation within the republic.

Like all powerful and dictatorial men Stinnes had savage enemies as well as ardent admirers. He had an extraordinary power of acquisition and an extraordinary gift for organization. He was a rich man before the war, for his father and grandfather had both been successful miners and merchants of coal. But it was the chaos that followed the war that gave him his great opportunity. Boldly and unscrupulously he speculated with the falling mark, borrowing heavily to add to his already large properties and discharging his indebtedness with money worth only a small part of that which he had borrowed. Mines, factories, steamships, hotels, newspapers fell one after another into his hands. A group of powerful industrialists only less wealthy than himself followed his example and accepted his leadership.

His methods have brought loss and poverty to many people in Germany, but over

the majority of the nation he seems to have had a kind of hypnotic power. They felt that Stinnes was organizing Germany for economic victories more striking than those which it had won before the war; they took pride in the stupendous size of his fortune; they were awe-stricken at the personal force that he exhibited. "Colossal" is a favorite German adjective; it admirably fits the ambitions and the achievements of Stinnes.

The great industrialist was not an impressive man in appearance. He was very dark, almost Semitic in type, with a stiff, stubby black beard of which he took no care. His dress was shabby, his manner abrupt, his home life simple to the point of austerity. He was never an admirer of Kaiser Wilhelm, whose theatrical, pompous tastes he despised. But he was a thorough German, and his friends assert that his aim was to consolidate and make irresistible the economic power of Germany in Europe. Individual Germans might, as many of them did, suffer in the process, but Germany he meant to make the industrial leader of the world.

It will be interesting to see what happens to the fortune he built up. Much of it must depend on bank credits, for Stinnes was always a heavy borrower. Perhaps without his strong hand at the helm the ship of his dreams may go to pieces. Yet before his death he took such steps as he could to train up successors. He left his fortune to his family as a group and named a "cabinet" of trusted men to direct all of his vast enterprises. He has four sons, and two of them at least, Edmund and Hugo, are men who have passed through a most careful business training at their father's hands and are old enough to take the responsibility of managing the Stinnes interests. If they have inherited their father's ability, the family may become richer, more famous and more powerful than the Rothschilds, who are after all not industrial magnates but money lenders. If on the other hand they lack his gifts, his accumulations will begin to shrink in their hands.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

OUR RADIO FRIENDS

EVERY week The Companion broadcasts ten programmes from seven radiotelephone stations; it broadcasts still another programme less frequently from an eighth station. Once in a while it offers a prize to every listener who will send the right answer to some puzzling question. To one such question recently broadcast ten thousand persons sent answers. If, as broadcasting stations say, there are two thousand listeners who do not respond to questions for every listener who does, the programmes of The Companion are heard by twenty million persons. "Listen in" some night to one of our stirring tales of adventure!

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WGY, Schenectady, N. Y.
WOS, Jefferson City, Mo.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOR the second time the President has felt called upon to read the Senate a lesson on its disposition to interfere with what he regards as the proper function of the executive. This time the incident that called forth a Presidential message was the action of a committee of the Senate, appointed to consider means of improving the administration of the office of internal revenue, in permitting one of its members, Senator Couzens, at his own expense to engage as counsel Mr. Francis J. Heney, who won a great reputation as the prosecutor in the famous San Francisco graft trials. The President pointed out that the committee had no authority to employ agents or attorneys, and that paying such attorneys from any other source than

the public treasury was contrary to law. He also indicated his belief that the committee was exceeding its authority and using its powers to hamper and discredit the head of a department, Secretary Mellon. His point was that, if the committee believed that the Treasury was corruptly handled, it could impeach the Secretary, but that otherwise there was no justification for engaging an eminent prosecutor of criminals to assist them in the task of suggesting improvements in the administration of the internal revenue. After the President's message was read in the Senate it came out that Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania had consulted with Senator Couzens about employing Mr. Heney, and that the Governor's desire was to go into the matter of national enforcement of the Volstead Act, which he believes to be inadequate and to some extent insincere.

THE entirely reasonable desire of Japan to have our immigration laws so phrased as not to discriminate in set terms against its citizens has been frustrated by things going wrong at Washington. Although the House was from the first in the mood to insist on the definite exclusion of Japanese immigrants, people in general believed that the Senate would consider the susceptibilities of a friendly government and remove the obnoxious clause. That was the more probable since the number of Japanese who could be admitted under the quota system—particularly if the census of 1890 were chosen as the basis of the quota—would be so small as to be unimportant. But at the critical moment the Japanese Ambassador, Mr. Hanihara, wrote a letter to Secretary Hughes arguing in favor of recognizing in our statute law the "gentlemen's agreement" that Secretary Root made with the Marquis Saionji sixteen years ago, and that Japan has carefully observed ever since. He closed his letter with the remark that the passage of the pending immigration bill unamended would be likely to "strain the otherwise happy and mutually advantageous relations that exist between the two countries." Secretary Hughes made the letter public last paragraph and all. The Senate not unnaturally took offense at what it considered as a threat from a foreign power and in order to assert its independence of foreign dictation passed the bill in the exact form against which Mr. Hanihara had protested.

A FEW weeks ago we spoke of the death of Alfred H. Smith, who through industry and capacity had risen from the position of section hand to that of president of the great New York Central railway system. His successor, Mr. Patrick E. Crowley, is a man of the same stamp. Like Mr. Smith he began at the bottom. First a messenger boy, then a telegraph operator, then a station agent, then a train dispatcher, he rose steadily to higher and higher executive positions. His ability as an operating chief is shown by the name that his superior constructed for him out of his initials, P.E.C. "Pull Eighty Cars Crowley," Mr. Smith called him, because he had found a way to get over the road freight trains of a quite extraordinary length and weight. His promotion is another evidence of the certainty with which our great corporations reward hard work and capacity.

AN Englishman named Grindell Matthews announces that he has perfected a means, already briefly referred to in The Companion, of using electricity so as to stop aeroplane engines in mid-air and bring the air craft crashing down to earth in flames, to explode magazines and ammunition dumps, to put automobile transport out of service and to kill or render insensible enemy troops, all from a distance of several miles. His invention, he says, may be called a "death ray," or a "ray that kills." The details of the apparatus are of course kept secret, but the inventor is evidently to be taken seriously. The British government some years ago awarded him \$125,000 for his discovery of a means of controlling motor boats at sea by a beam from a searchlight. If we can only avoid war until the scientific men make a few more inventions of the like devastating sort, the very impossibility of fighting in the face of such deadly contrivances will induce the nations to refrain from war. If it does not so induce them, war will annihilate them.

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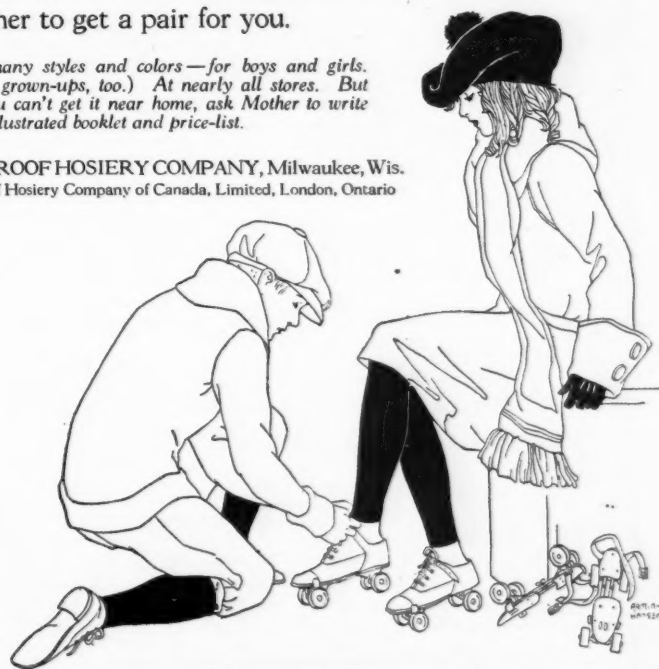
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SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

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WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY, Lexington, Mass.
ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, Marlboro, Mass.
LAWRENCE ACADEMY, Groton, Mass.
WORCESTER ACADEMY, Worcester, Mass.
DEWITT CLINTON SUMMER SCHOOL, Newton, Mass.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS
KENDALL HALL (coll. prep.), Frides Crossing, Beverly, Mass.
PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS
PORTER PIANOFORTE SUMMER SCHOOL, Boston, Mass.
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SPECIAL SCHOOLS
RUSSELL SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION, Boston, Mass.
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE FLOWER OF LOVE A MASQUE FOR FIVE LITTLE GIRLS

By Gamaliel Bradford

CHARACTERS

VIOLET (dressed in violet)
DAISY (dressed in white and gold)
LILY (dressed in white and green)
ROSE (dressed in pink)
AMANDA JANE (dressed in white)

SCENE I

A little opening in a wood.

(Enter Violet.)

VIOLET

Wandering far with weary feet

From my girl companions sweet,

Here I'll stay and rest awhile

On this old and mossy stile.

Perhaps, if I sit quietly,

A fairy bird will sing to me.

Or I may hear a busy elf

Come trotting through the wood himself.

(She looks up and sees the flower of love floating slowly downward.)

But stay! What do I see up there?

Is it a star so rich and rare,

That glimmers in the sunny air?

No, 'tis a flower floating down,

And down and down and down and down.

O flower bright, O flower sweet,

Come floating downward to my feet!

Now, if I thus on tip-toe stand,

I almost touch it with my hand.

Come down and let me bear you home.

Perhaps some merry sprite or gnome

Or elf or mischief-making fay

Is in its petals hid away.
It will not come, but sways and slips
An inch above my finger tips.
Now! One good jump!

(She springs up, but the flower is pulled quickly above her grasp. She catches, however, a bit of paper that hangs, pinned loosely, from it.)

I've caught it. No!
Only this paper, to and fro
Dangling about below the spray—
And writing too—what can it say?

(She reads the paper.)

"I am called the flower of love,
Sent to earth from Heaven above.
Children who would gather me
Humble, meek and gentle be.
She who deed of love has done
Plucks my sweet; no other one."

(She speaks.)

"She who deed of love has done—"
Gentle flower, I will run
And tell my playmates you are here;
Though, alas, I greatly fear
Some one better far than I
Will pluck your blossom speedily.

(Exit.)

SCENE II

The same. (Enter Lily.)

LILY

O lovely flower, how bright you shine!

How glad I am that you are mine!

Come down, come down, a thought more low;

I'm not so very tall, you know.

Dear flower, I've been very good,

Not done a thing that's rough or rude.

I've done just what my mother said

From morning till I went to bed.

I've thought of every silly rule

Our silly teacher makes at school.

I haven't whispered or passed notes

Or laughed at Charley's paper boats

Or inked my desk or squeaked my chair

Or pulled Matilda Jones's hair.

Dear flower, I've been so good, you see,

I'm just as tired as I can be.

But then, I thought all day of you

And just exactly what I'd do.
I'll put you in the porcelain vase
That stands by mother's dressing case.

And all the girls will come and say
"It's worth while to be good one day."

Come, flower, come! Now, one, two, three—

(She jumps, but, like Violet, catches only a paper.)

Why, why! It slipped away from me.

Oh, that's so mean! I'll try once more.

There! No, it's higher than before.

I've caught this bit of paper, though,

With something written on it. Oh!

(She reads.)

"Flower of love may not be won
Save by what for love is done.
Goodness which is all outside
Is worth but little more than pride."

(She speaks.)

O dear! O dear! I'll slink away.

I was too proud of yesterday;
I'm punished for it well today.

(Exit.)

SCENE III

The same. (Enter Rose.)

ROSE

O pretty flower, come down to me;

You're mine, I know, most certainly,

For I have done a loving deed.

I'll tell you what, if you'll give heed!

We're going to give a lovely ball

With splendid banquet, band and all

The finest things that you can guess;

You never dreamed such gorgeousness.

We have a cousin, very poor;

Her father kept a grocery store.

He died, her mother too, and she

Was left to live with us, you see.

Of course she can't have things as fine

And elegant as I have mine.

But I've a necklace made of pearl,

Quite handsome for a little girl.

I meant to wear it to the ball,

But yesterday I thought: it's small;

I've worn it time and time again,
I'll give it to Joanna. Then
She'll be as pleased as she can be

And Love's fair flower will be for me.

I'll twist and twine it in my hair.

Oh, how the girls will point and stare!

And some of them perhaps will cry

And wish they'd been as good as I.

Now for a spring on tip, tip toe.

Lower! Just a grain more low.

One more good jump!

(Same business as before.)

It's gone and all I've got is just this paper small.

(She reads.)

"The flower of Love is not for those

Who only give with hope of gain.

For them a common, fading rose,

Not I, who always fair remain."

(She speaks.)

O cruel flower, now I've lost you

And given away my necklace too.

Be sure I'll be more careful when

I do a generous thing again.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV

The same. (Enter Daisy.)

DAISY

The flower I'm sure I shall obtain,

Take it;
'tis
yours



DRAWN BY
HAROLD SICHEL



CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

For I went to visit Amanda Jane,
The poor little girl so ragged and
plain,
Who lives way down at the end of
the lane
And hobbles about on a crutch or
cane.
I declare, it gave me a positive pain!
Besides, you see, it was all in vain,
For she told me never to come again.
But then 'twas a loving deed, you
know.

So, flower, come dangle nice and low.
I'll pick you quickly, and then I'll go
To the florist's shop where the pretty
things grow.

Perhaps he'll give me a dollar or so.
And then I'll buy—some candy? No,
The beautiful doll with a purple
bow.

Or—stop—let's get the flower first
(Same business as before.)

What, flutter away from me? That's
the worst—
To jump as high as I could caper
And only get this bit of paper.

(She reads.)

"Flower of Love may not be sold,
Although 'tis worth its weight in
gold.

Kindness done for wretched pelf
Helps others not and hurts yourself."

(She speaks.)

Well, I declare, that's rather cool!
It sounds too much like Sunday
school.

You poor, old, useless, faded flower,
Good-by. I think the grapes are sour.
Hulloa! Here comes Amanda. She
Sha'n't have a chance to laugh at me.

(Exit.)

(Enter Amanda Jane, an old
ragged cloak and hood completely
covering her white gown. She hobbles
along with a cane.)

AMANDA

Poor, wretched, lame, I've crawled
out here

To see this flower they hold so dear.
There, there it is. How fair! How
fair!

It doesn't seem so high up there.
Oh, can't I reach it? No, no, no!
I am so crooked, dwarfed and low.
O dear! It is so hard for me!

The others play so merrily.
They jump and run and laugh and
sing.

And I can't do a single thing,
Sometimes I wish that I could die.

(She sits down crying.)

(Enter Violet. She does not see
Amanda at first.)

VIOLET

What, no one yet has come to try
To pick the flower? I wish I could.
But I've done nothing very good;
I've tried to learn my lessons well
And cipher right and read and spell.
I think I've helped mamma today,
Not stopped to idle or to play.
I've minded baby, too. O dear!
Sometimes he does behave so queer.
I slapped his fingers just a bit,
Though I don't think he noticed it.
But all these things are nothing new.
They're only what I ought to do.
Still, I'll just try the flower once
more.

(Amanda sobs.)

What's that? Was someone here be-
fore?

Amanda Jane, I do believe!
And crying too. Dear Jane, don't
grieve.

Is it because, like us, you want
To pick the lovely flower and can't
Just even reach to make one try?
I'll get it for you, Jane. Don't cry.
I know, I know. 'Tis Violet, dear.
Now watch. One try—

(Picks the flower.)

O Jane, see here!

The precious flower is in my hand
Without one jump, just where I
stand.

I didn't reach for it at all.
Take it. 'Tis yours.

(The other girls run in.)

Come, girls; come all!
Just see the lovely flower!

(They all crowd round Amanda,
who stands behind them for a minute,
while she drops her cane and cloak,
and then comes forward with the
flower in her hand.)

And see,

Amanda grows as straight as we.
And what a lovely, lovely gown!
Oh, aren't we glad the flower came
down!

Come, let us dance about her so.
Back, forward, up and down we'll go.

(They dance round Amanda, who
stands in the middle with the flower.
Then the four flower girls, standing in
a row and Amanda in front with the
flower, ALL say:)

The Flower of Love, the Flower of
Love

Comes down to earth from Heaven
above.

It comes not to the rich or great,
To haughty title or estate.

It comes to those whose hearts are
full

Of loving kindness beautiful.

These are like angels from above
And they themselves are flowers of
love.



Answers to Puzzles in May 1 Issue

C	A	R	D	S	C	A	B	C	A	P	E
O	C	T	S	A	S	I	L	E	A		
M	E		K	A	N	S	A	S	A	S	
B	A	R	I	D	S	L	E	D	Y		
S	P	I	N	L	A	E	M	I	R		
D	E	E	P	I	O	W	A	M	A	I	L
A	X	E	S	W	A	Y	A	L	B		
A			M	E	R	E			M		
L	A		P	R	E	S		S	O		
A	L	I	P	E	D		A	T	T	A	I
B	O	N	E		R	E	O		T		
A	N	N	E	A	L		M	A	N	I	L
M	E		L	P	T		M		O	N	
A			P	A	R	E			A		
C	A	N		O	P	E	N		E	B	B
C	A	R	E		D	E	A	D		C	R
M	I	S	T		R	T		E	R	I	E
M	A	T	O	M		D	R	O	M		P
I	T		O	R	E	G	O	N		P	A
L	E	G		L	G	A	E		C	A	L
L	E	A	D		C	O	R	E		M	O

2. Crown.

3. (I) All fat Anna had was many a hard
whack and at last tardy pay.
(II) These new sentences recently served
seem extremely severe.



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MOTHER

By Berta Marie Cleveland

There must be trillium now within the wood
And star flowers too;
The small white violets by the pond's deep rim
Are pearled with dew,

And ferns unroll their feathery fronds again
From sphagnum bed,
And rosy twin flowers in fir-wood nook
Their splendors shed.

I can go back and find each sweet surprise
Of springtime grace
Just where last year and every year behind
I knew each wildwood place.

But those soft hands I filled with early flowers
Wait me no more.
Dark are her windows and grass-grown her path—
Grass by the long-closed door.

O hands beloved, fragrant with kindly deeds
Through all life's ways!
Shall I not meet your pitying touch again
Some day of days?

It is a faith which life were poor without
(Grace for dark hours)
That I shall find them beckoning me amid
Eternal flowers.

CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER

"N O able man ever had a fool for a mother," said sharp-tongued, clear-minded Thomas Carlyle. Neither did any good man have a bad woman for a mother. It would be simple enough to find a hundred expressions of love and gratitude that famous sons have written about the mothers that bore and bred them, but is not all that they could say summed up in this charming letter written by Carlyle to his mother on his birthday?

"Dear old mother, weak and sick and dear to me, what a day this has been in my solitary thoughts! For except a few words to Jane I have not spoken to anyone, nor indeed hardly seen anyone, it being dusk and dark before I went out—a dim, silent Sabbath day, the sky foggy, dark with damp, and a universal stillness the consequence, and it is this day gone fifty-eight years that I was born. And my poor mother! Well, we are all in God's hands; surely God is good. Surely we ought to trust Him, or what is there for the sons of men? O my dear mother, let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honorably and well while in strength and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have various things to do and suffer for so many years that there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you. Yes, surely, for if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was your voice essentially that was speaking through me, essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean; this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote. And if in the few years that may remain to me I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it, so far as it is worthy and good, will still be yours.

"May God reward you, dearest mother, for all you have done for me. I never can. Ah, no, but will think of it with gratitude and pious love so long as I have the power of thinking, and I will pray God's blessing on you now and always."

AMIALE, AND NOT IGNORANT, MARY

O UR college-trained, emancipated girls of today may well read with interest and amusement this letter of Mary Van Schalkwyck, a young widow twenty-four years old, unusually well-informed, charming and intelligent. She wrote it in 1804 to her friend Ruth Hurd:

"No, my dear girl, I by no means imagine Mr. R. so insensible or unjust as to think of you as you intimate. I should be extremely mortified did I not believe a man of sense could converse with us both without feeling contempt.

"In truth, my dear Ruth, I fancy there is a natural distinction between the sexes, and that woman may not only be as interesting, but as improving, when she preserves the distinction and cultivates those powers that render her the soothing, consoling, amiable (but not therefore ignorant) friend and companion. I respect that woman who to superior strength of mind unites goodness and kindness. I do more, I admire her as almost a prodigy! But so rarely is masculine strength allied to feminine sweetness, so unfortunately is the woman lost in the confident orator, that I believe had we abilities we should be no great gainers by assuming superiority. The woman who rightly understands her interest will indeed cultivate her mind as highly as possible; she will strengthen it by exercise; she will consider herself rational and immortal, but she will not forget she is still woman, that the

duties prescribed for her by the God of Nature are different from those of man."

How little could this sweet, old-fashioned Mary, soon to be engrossed in the joys, sorrows and responsibilities of a second marriage, have imagined that her simple letters would ever find their way into print and come before the public a century after her death!

"Yes, my friend," she wrote to Susan Lowell in reference to a gifted woman relative, "I think perfectly with you; obscurity should veil the authoress from the public eye. That her works be justly appreciated her sex must remain unknown. The Lords of Creation are too jealous of their high prerogative to suffer a woman to enter the lists of Fame without hurling the envenomed shafts of illiberal and cruel criticism! But methinks, when conscious of the power to enlighten and correct, she should risk the possibility of discovery and nobly dare to do, as well as to be, good! There are not many of our sex whose situation and talents combine to make this a duty."

After all, that was in her day a bold plea; and elsewhere she commends Gisborne's Duties of the Female Sex to the perusal of her dear friend Ruth, saying with a quite modern flash of spirit that she likes it because the author "has not thought fit to make us either Amazons or babies—goddesses or idiots!"

NO TIME FOR FOOLING

BIRD hunting is a serious business with a thoroughbred bird dog—so serious that he will refuse to hunt if the sport is turned to play. Mr. Samuel A. Derieux in Animal Personalities tells a story to the point:

I remember once when I was a boy going out with several other boys and taking with us an old Llewellyn setter named Thad. The dog started out in his sturdy lops and soon found us a covey of quail. We all shot on the rise, and we all missed. Then, seeing that we could not hit quail, we began to shoot at easier game, birds that sat still in trees—laughing and shouting as boys will. Thad stayed with us awhile; then we missed him. Unostentatiously he had withdrawn from that frivolous party and gone home.

An old dog that knows he can do well himself demands that the man who hunts with him shall do well also. An Englishman tells this story on himself, and I have no doubt that similar incidents have occurred frequently. He went out with a pointer that he had borrowed from a friend who was a crack shot. He himself was a poor shot and missed again and again, and each time the pointer looked at him in bewilderment. Finally the dog set a pheasant right out in an open field and then glanced back at the approaching man as much as to say, "Now, here's a perfectly good open shot. For pity's sake, see if you can do anything this time!"

The pheasant rose and flew off, an easy mark; the man missed twice. Thereupon the pointer sat down on his haunches, raised his nose to high heaven and howled long and dolorously. Then with never another look at the amateur huntsman he turned and trotted home.

VAUDEVILLE ON THE RAIL

T RAVELING on a Chinese train has a distinct advantage over walking. On a train you get much closer to the people. Miss Elsie McCormick in Audacious Angles on China declares that the chief thing that strikes the visitor to the Far East is the thoroughness with which a Chinaman makes himself at home in a train. She writes:

Over in Japan the first move of a citizen starting on a journey is to remove his shoes. The next is to purchase a clay teapot, and the third is to blow up an air pillow. Then he or she draws feet off the floor, places the air pillow on a window sill, plants an elbow on it and dreams peacefully until it is time to buy the usual two wooden boxes of hot rice and spare culinary parts of dubious description. In China, on the other hand, the air pillow enjoys but small vogue; its claim to popularity as a traveling companion is entirely overshadowed by the vacuum bottle. Nor does any Chinese gentleman consider parting with his footgear as essential to a happy journey, though he might feel urged to remove his long outer garment if the weather is warm. He often breaks the tedium of travel by chanting strange ditties in a high falsetto or by engaging in a game with his friends, involving fingers and much noise. If the journey is short, he is almost certain to have a bird cage along.

There are some aspects in which the Chinese trains excel those across the Pacific. For example, the little table between seats that serves equally well as a buffet for watermelon seeds, a support for bird cages, a foundation for solitaire and a prop for weary heads, fulfills another useful purpose in eliminating the pilgrimage to the dining car so familiar to travelers in America. In China a deft car boy brings the dinner to your seat, not spilling more than half of it en route. The game of trying to guess what you are going to receive after reading the menu is popular with all foreign travelers. Personally we have enjoyed such rare epicurean dishes as "comble kitties" and "lettuce farce."

Those who travel by night are offered many more things, including the blanket famine during the cold snaps and the slippery leather or

wicker berths that cause the harassed traveler to spend most of the night clinging to the bedclothes. There is a space between the upper berth and the wall specially arranged for dropping blankets, hot-water bottles, handkerchiefs and articles of clothing on the occupant of the berth below. This convenience produces an informal atmosphere and leads to many pleasant social relationships that are threshed out later in the consular courts.

Considering the matter from all angles, however, trains in China are far superior to the newcomer's expectations. What is more, they usually run on time even if the station master has to set back the clock to do it!

THE FLYING LEMUR

T HIS meek-looking little fellow is the so-called "flying lemur," a rare animal of the Orient. Like the flying squirrel it is misnamed, for it does not fly, though nature has given it folds of loose flesh that when stretched out enable it to "plane" from tree to tree.



The young lemurs are concealed in the folds of skin between the four legs as in a traveling hammock

The mother lemur crawls head down along the branch like a sloth, with her little ones clinging to her as if she were a hammock. The lemur feeds entirely on insects and thus is beneficial to mankind.

A GLOUCESTERMAN'S COURAGE

FIVE days in a dory in midwinter could hardly result in anything except tragedy. And so it was in the case of Howard Blackburn and his mate, both of Gloucester, though it is the sort of tragedy that thrills rather than saddens. The two men—they were trawlers, says Mr. James B. Connolly in the Mentor—went astray on the Grand Banks one day in February from the schooner Abbie Deering.

After hanging round for the rest of the day and the night that followed, waiting for a vessel to pick them up, the two men decided to row for the nearest land, Newfoundland, a hundred miles or so to the northwest. All day Wednesday they rowed, all Wednesday night and all day Thursday. Thursday afternoon a cold, hard northwest wind came on, and the sea spraying aboard the dory made ice. They had to stop to knock it off. The going was slow and hard.

Thursday night Blackburn's dory mate declared that he could row no longer, but Blackburn said to him: "Better keep on rowing. You will freeze to death if you don't. Keep yourself warm some way."

"I can't. I'm done!" replied his mate, and he went to the stern of the dory and lay there all hunched up.

When morning came the man was frozen stiff.

The wind stayed in the northwest, and a northwest wind is the coldest of all winds on the North Atlantic. Despite his rowing, Blackburn

burn realized that his hands were going to freeze. When he had made up his mind that he could not save them he curled them carefully round the handles of the oars and held them so that they would freeze in such a shape that he could continue to row. They did freeze, thus, and he kept on rowing.

After five nights he made the coast of Newfoundland, and rowed to a little bay. To release his frozen hands he had to knock the ends of the oars together and slide his hands off horizontally. He beached the bow of his dory on a little shelf of land. There were some fishermen's shacks up from the beach, and he went to the nearest one and knocked on the door with the knuckles of his frozen hands. Two men answered the knock.

"Come in and have a cup of tea," one of them said after a quick look at him.

"Not now," replied Blackburn. "I want you to come down and help me take my mate ashore."

They went down with him and, stepping into his dory, he picked up his mate and held him over to the men on the bank. But the body, which was covered with ice, slipped down between the dory and the bank into the water.

"He's gone," said the men on shore.

"No, he is not gone," said Blackburn, and he dropped overboard.

The next thing the men on the bank saw was the frozen body coming up out of the water on top of Blackburn's frozen hands.

Blackburn lost all his fingers and toes. He could go fishing no more. In Gloucester they raised five hundred dollars to establish him in a little business. His recreation later was sailing small boats and dories across the ocean alone. He once sailed alone from Gloucester to Spain in a twenty-one foot boat in thirty-six days.

MR. PEASLEE'S LEMONADE

"D IDN'T I see Clayton Briggs treatin' you to lemonade or some such thing down at the drug store this mornin'?" demanded Deacon Hyne as he stopped at the stone wall where Caleb Peaslee was rolling a loosened stone back into place.

Caleb fitted a thin wedge under the stone and surveyed it with satisfaction. "I guess that'll stay there now," he said. "Way it was b'fore a sparrer'd unbalance it, it was so tittleish. It turned his eyes on the deacon. "What was it you was askin' me, Hyne?"

"I was askin' you," said the deacon inaccurately, "what Clayton Briggs was treatin' you to lemonade for this mornin'? It ain't any habit of his, fur's I've noticed."

Caleb grinned happily. "Clayton got into a little dispute with me this mornin'," he said, "and in the course of talk he got het up to the p'int where he said, if I'd prove him wrong, he'd treat me to whatever I give a name to; and I did prove him wrong, that's all."

"Tain't all neither," objected the deacon stubbornly. "I want to know how he happened to make any such offer as that. It ain't like him!"

"He wouldn't have done it," said Mr. Peaslee, "if his mem'ry had been as good as mine is, though it ought to be better, seein' he's more'n twenty years younger'n what I be."

"Since Clayton got to be fust seel'man," Caleb went on, "he's took a consid'able stern view of young folks' pranks; he can't see any sense of their goin' across the village green, and he was for punishin' 'em when some of 'em rung the church bell the night 'fore the Fourth, only he couldn't seem to put finger on the right ones. All such things as that that boys have done all their lives seemed to thorn him past bearin'."

"What seemed to be the capshen of Briggs's trouble come this mornin'? I happened to be goin' down to the store middlin' early for me and down by the church I come on Briggs smitin' his hands together 'sif he was maddened over somethin' and talkin' to himself; so I stopped to find out what the matter was with him."

"It's the boys in this village," he busted out. "Nothin' seems to be safe 'nough, no matter if it's a sanct'ary, to keep 'em from disg'in' it some way. Look at those steps!" he says, p'intin' down at 'em with his finger.

"Well, I took a look at 'em," Mr. Peaslee said placidly, "and all I could make out to be the matter was where somebody'd wrote his initials on the granite of one of the treads—scratched it on with a kind of slate stone, looked like to me. 'Well,' I says, 'what of it? Take the fust rain we have, with folks goin' in and out of the church,' I says, 'and them letters'll all be gone so'st' you can't even find 'em out by huntin'!' I says."

"He flared right up at that," said Caleb tranquilly, "and took to tiradin' me 'sif I'd been a party to doin' the writin'. I let him run on a spell, and fin'ly he says:

"'Tain't the writin' so much, but it's the way boys act nowadays. I don't know what the world's comin' to, the way boys are let go now!" he says."

"That kind of started me a little—I don't know why. Says I, 'Boys now are jest about the same as they was when I was a youngster and as they was later when you was a boy,' I says, 'and if you let your mind go back and speak your honest rec'lections, you'll say so too,' says I."

"He shut his mouth tight and shook his head 'sif he kind of pitied me for bein' so childish and

HIDING AMONG THE MIDDLE CLASS



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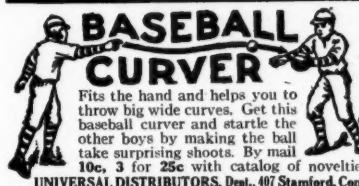
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fitful. 'Never!' he says. 'I can remember pretty well, and I can't call to mind one boy when I was growin' up that'd be vandal 'nough to mar public prop'ly this way,' he says.

"Whilst he'd been carryin' on like that," Caleb went on, "I'd been doin' a little thinkin' and wonderin' where I could find a certain thing, and by that time it'd come to me; I remembered all that was needful. I took him by the arm. 'You come 'long!' says I. 'I'm goin' to prove to you that boys nowadays are a good deal the same as when you was one—mebbe not quite so bad now as then, but we'll let the shades of difference go and give you that advantage,' I says.

"I led him along with me down to that old tumbledown barn of Wesley Porter's, where they stored the old seats out of the schoolhouse more'n thirty years ago when they built the new one.

"What you cal'latin' to do?" Clayton wanted to know.

"I'm going to prove you're wrong," I says, "in your notion of boys now and boys in times past; and I'm goin' to do it so you'll say you're wrong too!" I says.

"If you do," says he, stubborn as a mule, "I'll treat you to anything you say, if it's within my means!"

"Well," said Caleb, "It took some pawin' over, but I knew what I wanted must be there, and after a time I found it. Briggs stood there lookin' at it, but not offerin' to touch it. I took hold of the seat—it was one of the old seats out of the schoolhouse—and turned it over and brushed some of the dust and dirt off'n it, so we could see the top part. And there, cut into the top of the seat with a jackknife, letters a quarter of an inch deep, was 'C. B. and V. A.' with a heart carved round both initials.

"There," says I. 'How long ago do you s'pose them letters was cut, and who do you reckon cut 'em? But he was lookin' at the letters and didn't hear me; and he was seein' a lot of things besides that old birch seat—things he hadn't thought of before for near half a life-time if I'm anything of a guesser. I jest let him look and said nothin'.

"Fin'ly he lifted up his head, fetched a long breath like a man wakin' up and turned to me. 'Vinie Allen!' he says. 'I can remember her jest as plain! And I remember the very day I cut them letters too—a wild, rainy day in the fall. And I can remember—' and then he fetched himself up with a start, and not another word could I get out of him; but he made me come down to the sody fountain with him.

"You're right about Briggs' not treatin' very often, Hyne," Caleb concluded, "so I took lemonade 'stead of somethin' that cost more. I didn't want to do anything to shorten his days!"

HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS SAFE?

IN the books of foreigners who have paid flying visits to our shores we Americans sometimes find curious and entertaining facts about ourselves of which we were quite ignorant. For example, in Sir Henry Lucy's Diary of a Journalist there is this remarkable story of Mrs. Deems and her wonderful autograph album:

The last time I visited Washington I was shown a gigantic case six feet high by four feet wide, standing in the east portico of the Capitol. It has a curious history illustrating the thoroughness with which Americans celebrate monumental dates. In the centennial year of the republic a Boston lady, one Mrs. Deems, set to work to obtain the autograph and the photograph of every public man and woman prominently known who were alive in the happy year. She began with General Grant, who displayed quite unusual enthusiasm. He not only wrote his name in the album and added his photograph but undertook to obtain similar interesting records from all his colleagues in the Cabinet.

When that was done Mrs. Deems found her patriotic task easy. Through long weeks she sat day by day in the old hall of the House of Representatives, with her album on a table near her. Senators and Representatives passing by were invited to care for posterity by signing the book and, if they were good-looking, by adding their photographs. They were all good-looking, and the volume visibly swelled. In addition to members of both houses of the legislature she obtained the autograph of members of the diplomatic corps resident at Washington. Outside the parliamentary field she hunted up novelists, artists, sculptors, lawyers, everyone whose name, spoken in the streets or written in the newspapers, had a familiar sound. She had an iron safe specially made to hold her gigantic parchment album. On the 4th of July, 1876, in the presence of witnesses, she solemnly deposited the album in the safe, having first inclosed it in an air-tight copper case. The safe was locked up, and Mrs. Deems, presenting the precious though bulky parcel to the nation, left it in the custody of the authorities of the Capitol.

When the guardians of the Capitol recovered their breath they discovered themselves in an embarrassing situation. Here was a gigantic safe blocking the way wherever it was temporarily situated. No authority had been given for leaving it there, and if there had been there was no convenient place in which to hide it. Mrs. Deems was communicated with and cordially invited to take away her treasure. She generously declined, protesting that she had

presented it to her country and would not be mean enough to withdraw the gift. An attempt was made to induce Congress to pass a resolution accepting the safe and its contents. At the time the proposal was brought forward there was a new house sitting. Many old members whose names were enshrined in the album were no longer returned. The new Congress would have nothing to do with the safe. Neither would Mrs. Deems. So there it stands to this day.

THE VICTORIAN ACCENT

IT has been suggested that the affectations of the early Victorian days were a natural rebound from the coarseness of the Georgian period. On that point Lord Ernest Hamilton in 'Forty Years On' has this to say:

In an overzealousness to prove their aloofness from the manners of these rude sons of the chase, the Victorian fops of the Dunderre type went to the other extreme and made themselves ridiculous by an extravagant affectation of refinement. They lisped; they drawled; they pronounced their r's like w's. They waved scented handkerchiefs in the air and eschewed all games and sports as being rough and coarse. Gayety burlesque drew a far from exaggerated picture of this type in the famous verse:

*Au revoir, ta-ta,
I heard him say
To the Lady Crambally
While bidding her good day.
I'll awake you with a feather,
I'll stab you with a wose,
I'll shoot at you with wafers
And give you fearful blows!*

In the sixties, though foppiness was on the wane and had it contemptuous scoffers among the more virile school, there were still among the older generation many surviving specimens of the Dunderre idiot. There were also their feminine counterparts, who strove with only partial success to outshine the Dunderreys in effeminacy. One of the chief affectations of the cult and not the least ridiculous was the deliberate mispronunciation, where possible, of every word in the English language. Septuagenarians might still be heard describing how "the dear Dook was obleeged by the heat to set in a garden cheer under the laloe trees, drinking tay out of yellow chane coops, while his luddy on the balcony ate coveumbers and red-dishes off goold plates brought to Oxfordsheer from Roome." And so forth, and so forth. Even the middle-aged through the force of example adopted some of the mispronunciations. They spoke of terriers as "tarriers" and of yellow as "yellow." But the young eschewed them altogether. Certain names such as Pall Mall, Berkshire and Derby have permanently taken on the corrupted vowel sound.

THE COURT WOULD NOT PAY ITS OWN FINES

IN the old days through the South, says the Argonaut, the presiding judge of the United States District Court and the lawyers interested in the litigation traveled the circuit together and of course in the years of such association became somewhat informal with one another. One particular judge, though he took his share of the badinage when off duty, stood for no omission of the proper respect due his office when court was in session.

At one session of the court a lawyer with whom, by the way, the judge had slept the previous night in the crowded local hotel became rather reckless in his conduct of the case, and the judge cautioned him that a repetition of the offense would place him in contempt of court. The repetition occurred soon afterward, and the judge immediately fined the lawyer twenty dollars.

Before proceeding with the case the lawyer approached the judge and whispered earnestly to him for several minutes. The court made no answer, but, turning to the clerk, said:

"Mr. Clerk, you will please remit that fine against counsel; he is up here trying to borrow the money from me, and I guess the government can better afford to lose twenty than I can."

THIS FROG REVERSED THINGS

M. R. C. A. STEPHENS'S story Hæc Fabula Decet, in which Ellen's "tremendous frog," the "goggle-eyed grandfather of all frogs," was an important character, has led a reader to tell us of a Texas frog that he once shot—the "size of a derby hat."

His hams, our correspondent writes, were so large that I had visions of frog steak for dinner; but when I found that he had swallowed a snake as large round as my finger and nearly eighteen inches long my desire for frog steak vanished.

It is well known that snakes swallow frogs, but this is the only instance that I have known where a frog swallowed a snake. Are there others?

THE LITTLE CAT!

THERE was once a young man who quarrelled with his fiancée and married another girl. His former lady love, says the Tatler, had a sense of humor and, deciding to "get even" with him, sent the bride a charming book to read on the honeymoon. It was Stevenson's Travels With a Donkey.

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I enclose \$1.00 as evidence of my good faith. Ship me the L. C. Smith Model No. 8, F. O. B. Chicago. After five days' trial I will send you \$5.20 and then \$5.00 per month thereafter as rent until the \$66.00 balance of the Special \$66.20 sale price is paid. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it, I will carefully repack it and ship it back to you and you will return my \$1.00 deposit. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee.

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City.....State.....

Signature.....

Business or Employer.....

Two References.....



Sometimes brides must compromise in the difficult matter of choosing bridesmaids. But Elsie's choice of our charming Sally was a vote for both friendship and beauty. And now what has Sally done but catch the bouquet!

"Good health and pure soap" —the simple formula for a beautiful skin

THE beauty and fine smoothness that come to your skin from the use of Ivory Soap are the result of *cleanliness*.

Ivory thus contributes to beauty all that any soap *can* contribute. Ivory needs no assistance from medicaments, artificial coloring matter or strong perfumes. Its purity, whiteness, dainty fragrance and gentleness provide every quality and property that a fine soap should have, regardless of the price at which it may be sold.

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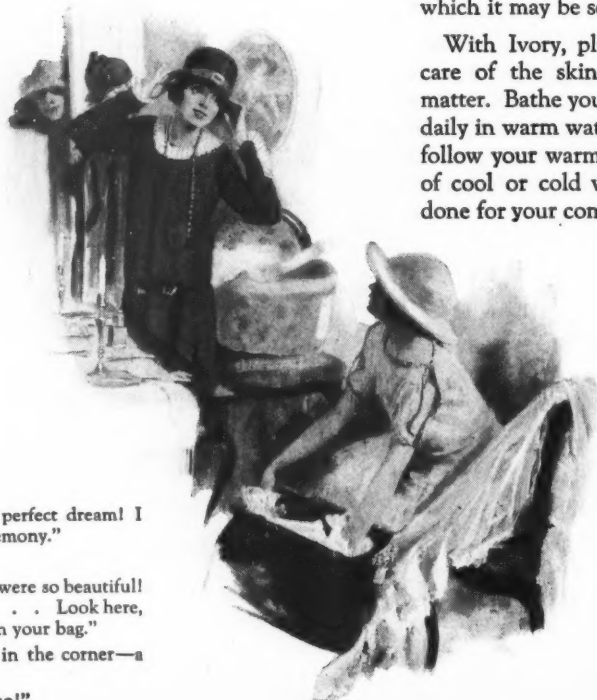
soap can do to promote its beauty.

This fact becomes clear the moment you realize that the function of soap for the skin is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform. The highest authorities agree on this point, and the proof of its soundness is recorded on the faces of millions of women who use Ivory exclusively for their complexions.

• • •

To satisfy the request of many women for a cake of Ivory to fit the soap holder on their washstands, we have recently provided Guest Ivory, a dainty, graceful cake with all of Ivory's traditional mildness and purity. We offer you Guest Ivory under the guarantee that if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap!

PROCTER & GAMBLE



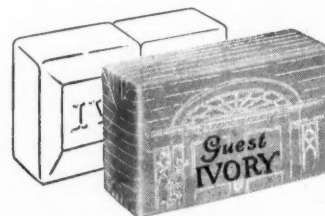
"Elsie, dear, you were a perfect dream! I wept all through the ceremony."

"Why, Sally?"

"Oh, just because you were so beautiful! I hope I'll—oh, piffle! . . . Look here, there isn't a bit of soap in your bag."

"Yes, there is—down in the corner—a cake of Guest Ivory."

"Aha! So you use it, too!"



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